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The Beret from Paris

by Sally Elliott Allen

Tad Floated from Arm to Arm, Half Unconscious Whose Dancing Feet She Was Following.

CHAPTER I.

Bad News.

TAD made a place in the untidy pile of maps, books and drawing tools on the table and set down carefully the cup of chocolate. Then she leaned over and rubbed her soft cheek against her father's scratchy one.

"It is necessary for you to drink your chocolate now, Jim," she reminded him gently, speaking in French.

He rose dimly out of Mesozoic strata and regarded her with a blank but not unkindly eye. Then, as she dawned fully upon his consciousness, his big hand swept away his book with a gesture that endangered the chocolate, and he pulled her onto his knee, running his fingers through her short, dark curls.

"Talk English, spalpeen. French is a sweet tongue, but I'll not have you forgetting that you are an American girl."

She wrinkled her small nose that should have had freckles. "Here in Paris I forget, too. You don't talk to me much, Jim, when you're on a job, you know, and so all I hear is French."

He looked at her, a deeper line appearing in his lined forehead. "Don't I, now? And here you sit all quiet, you little thing, until I must have my chocolate, is it? What way should you have such a father, anyhow?"

At that her arms went tight about his neck. "Lucky Tad to have the best father in sixty countries."

But he unwound her arms and set her on her feet severely. "And me the only parent you have, neglecting you. Let's see, here. Are you keeping fit now? Have you done your exercises today?"

"I've told you I'll not go through them unless you do them with me."

"It's a bad girl you are."

But he stripped off his coat and they planted themselves opposite each other in the high, darkish bedroom, with pink cupids simpering at them from the ceiling.

"One, two, three; one, two, three."

A big mirror at either end of the room reflected the slight rounded girl-figure in its tight, gray sweater, that went flexibly through every bend and twist, and the big, square man who followed heavily. When they had finished he was puffing and she was laughing at him.

"Look at that, now. You're all breathy. You need the exercises lots more than I do. You're going to get a pod in front if you don't look out. See what I can do now. Leopold showed me how, and I've been practising in the court." She did a couple of handsprings and came up in a spread-eagle pose of triumph.

Her father smiled at her, but his face was white.

"Jim, what is it?"

"Just a bit of a pain, lassie. Maybe I ate too many crepes Suzettes last night. Look here, now. How old are you, Tad?"

She pouted a saucy mouth at him. "I'll not tell you. You'll just have to figure it out for yourself while I get you some soda. Then you must drink your chocolate."

She disappeared into the screened corner that she used for a kitchen, and her father's rugged face fell into a tragic mask as he looked blankly at the green and gold surface behind which he could hear her moving lightly.

"Well, do you know your only daughter's age yet, Master Clancy?" Her gay, warm voice floated over the screen to him, and he roused himself hurriedly.

"Let's see, now, you were born the Spring of the big flood in China, wasn't it? Great

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Science Puzzled By "Strong Man" Baby

Two-and-a-Half-Year-Old Eugene Bencivengo, of Albany, N. Y., Who Tips the Scales at About 100 Pounds, Helping His Mother With the Family Washing.

MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY BENCIVENGO, of Albany, N. Y., are the proud and somewhat worried parents of the "bouncingest" baby in America and probably in the world. The youngster, whose name is Eugene, is two-and-a-half years old, weighs 100 pounds and is three feet tall. He measures 35 inches around his middle, which is three inches more than his dad's waistline, and he juggles flatirons, pails of water and tubs of clothes with the ease of a weight lifter. In the city where he lives, the neighbors call him the "strong man" baby.

Eugene is, of course, something of a trial and a mystery to his father and mother, to say nothing of his four-year-old brother Alex, who isn't nearly big enough or strong enough to handle the baby when he gets rough.

Many doctors have studied the "strong man" baby. They have measured him and taken pictures of his head and body with the X-ray camera, and they don't know what to make of him. In most cases of phenomenal growth the ductless glands are working overtime. Eugene's glands seem to be perfectly normal. As often as not, youngsters whose bodies grow unduly fast pay for this growth with weakened minds. There's nothing wrong, apparently, with this unusual boy's mental equipment. In short, he's a normal lad, except in size and speed of growth.

When the "strong man" baby came into the world he tipped the scales at exactly seven pounds. Two weeks later he weighed 20 pounds. Doctors looked him over. They couldn't find anything wrong with him and they couldn't account for his remarkable increase in weight. The baby continued to wax. Today he weighs 100 pounds and he's still growing. How big he'll be before he stops and how long he'll continue to grow remains to be seen.

"The doctors tell me that Eugene is a normal baby in everything except size," says the lad's mother. "They should have said normal in everything but size and appetite. I never saw such a boy to eat. He's the first one to the table and the last to leave, and he's at the ice-box all day long. His favorite dishes are macaroni, spaghetti and potatoes. I've tried to get him to eat meat and vegetables, but he doesn't like those things. He would rather fill up on plain bread and butter.

Keeping this buster in baby clothes or any kind of clothes is a troublesome problem. His suits and underwear have to be made for him and he outgrows these clothes within a few weeks. Right now he wears a size 12 shoe and the toes of his shoes have to be enlarged by the shoemaker because he was born with six toes on each foot. He takes the same size hat as his father—a seven-and-a-half.

In many ways the "strong man" baby is like other youngsters of his age. For example, he won't go to sleep at night without his bottle of milk—and with a nipple on the bottle, too. But in other ways Eugene is nothing like the average two-and-a-half-year-old. He has no use for toys. Even at his tender age he seems to have outgrown such bright baubles as rubber balls, sail boats and woolly dogs. He's too big and strong for such things. He craves something that will give him a chance to try his muscle and work off his amazing fund of energy.

The "Strong Man" Baby Pulling Two Playmates Who Are Older Than He Is, but Not Nearly So Big and Strong. Doctors Are Puzzled Because the Husky Infant Is Perfectly Normal Except for His Size and Strength.

Besides lifting flatirons which the average tot of his age couldn't raise from the floor, and making himself useful by carrying pails of water for his mother on wash day, Eugene gets lots of fun in pulling his brother Alex and a couple of other children around in a cart.

The "strong man" baby handles the loaded wagon with ease and sometimes plays the role of draught horse for periods of half an hour or more. When he gets bored with this diversion he playfully gives the tongue of the wagon a quick twitch and dumps the passengers unceremoniously to the ground. Then he laughs happily, for the baby is proud of his prodigious strength.

Because Eugene was slow in talking, his parents at first feared that his rapid growth might be making him a bit backward mentally, or affecting his ability to form simple words. But the doctors who so interestedly examined the unique specimen of young manhood assured the boy's folks that his slowness in this respect was due largely to the fact that the baby spent so little time with others of his own age. Eugene is so big and strong that he just can't get any other children of his age to play with him. They're afraid of him, and justly so.

"Always, when he plays with other youngsters, he gets in a tussle with them," says the baby's mother, "and he always comes out on top. He doesn't know his own strength. What we'll do with him, I don't know, but we hope he'll turn out all right."

Shocked Her Audience and Made a Hit

THEATREGOERS of the Swedish capital were shocked, surprised and delighted at a play which most of the critics predicted would be closed within a week because it was too light and a bit too daring in its presentation of romantic scenes between a pair of young lovers.

Stockholm is not New York and its censors would put thumbs down on a play that the first nighters of Broadway would label tame and unexciting. The Swedes, it seems, like their drama to be serious and tragic and few producers would think of offering them a frivolous play brightened by what sometimes is called sweet dalliance.

But, thanks to the charm and the skill of Mlle. Maria Solveg, Stockholm has a play marked by some highly charged "sweet dalliance"— and is discovering that it positively enjoys this brand of drama, when it is delightfully and cleverly done.

Mlle. Solveg knitted her young brow when she first saw the lines that she was expected to speak in the play and told the producers frankly that she was afraid her countrymen never would stand for the piece.

"In America such plays are all right," she told them, "but in Sweden, I am afraid the lines are a little, what do they call it, too hot. Too risque. I would like to play the heroine but I fear I and the rest of the company would be out of work within a week."

The producers explained to the Scandinavian actress that they had sought her services because they felt she was the one woman on the European stage who could play the lead in a way that would please the censors and public, even while it startled them a bit.

After much argument and a few minor changes in the script Mlle. Solveg finally consented to star in the play if she would be permitted to do the love scenes in her own way and not according to the ideas of the author or the producer.

For several weeks she studied her part, and at the first rehearsal it was apparent that she had preserved all the emotional punch of the situations and the lines without taking from her "hot" speeches to her lover any of their subtle and exciting meaning.

The theatre was packed on the opening night, and as Maria stood in the wings ready for the first of her scenes with the hero, she suddenly regretted that she ever had consented to play the part. But it was too late to change her mind then. She went on and she presented the rather naughty heroine in her own way.

When the curtain went down on the final act of the drama, the audience broke out in an ovation of appreciative applause and brought Maria before the footlights for five curtain calls. She knew that their acclaim was a tribute to her charming and subtle manner of playing a dangerous and difficult role.

The critics were kind, too, and next day's papers were full of nice things about her and about the play. "Daring," "witty" and "modern" were terms used to describe the production, which a week later was sold out for three months in advance.

Mlle. Maria Solveg, the Scandinavian Actress, Who Shocked the Theatregoers of Stockholm by Her Daring Role, but Who Won Them With Her Charm.

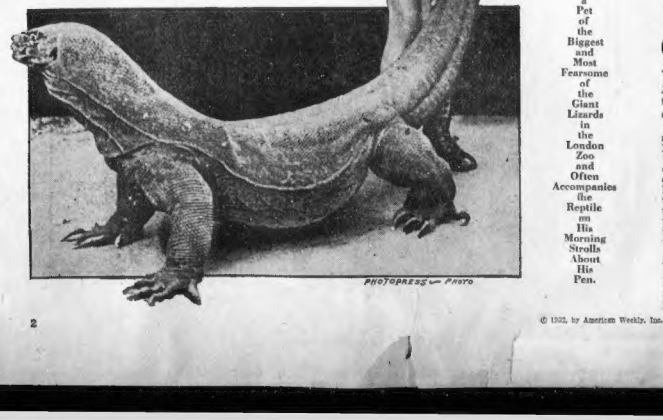
Not Afraid of "Dragons"

TO most visitors to London's zoo, the giant dragon lizard, which has special quarters in the reptile house, is the most fearsome creature in the establishment. They would not venture in his cage nor so much as lay a timid hand against the grill of his pen, yet "Sumbawa"—that's the name of the monster shown in the photograph—is the special pet of this little British maid who has no more fear of dragons than she has of puppies, or kittens.

When "Sumbawa" first came to London from his home in the jungles of the Dutch East Indies he was not the tame, well-behaved fellow he is today. On his native island of Komodo he was avoided by the natives, who call him a land alligator and who swear taht they have seen some of his relatives stalk and kill such strong and speedy animals as the deer and the wild pig, although the lizards live largely on small game and on carrion.

It was not until 1912 that a Komodo dragon-lizard was captured alive by white men, so before that time little was known about the creatures, which are the largest of the lizard family. Frightened natives sometime reported seeing "land alligators" 25 and 35 feet long, but scientists now know that the creatures seldom attain a length of more than 10 feet.

"Sumbawa" was a bit hard to handle during his first days in the London reptile house, but he got over his wildness and his short temper, as the photograph shows. His human playmate does not, however, attempt to pat him on the snout. He might forget himself.



This Little Girl Made a Pet of the Biggest and Most Fearsome of the Giant Lizards in the London Zoo and Often Accompanies the Reptile on His Morning Strolls About His Pen.

Buys a Nobleman's Mansion for $35

CURIOSITY rather than any desire to become one of England's landed gentry moved Herbert Wightman, a Nottingham contractor, to join the small crowd gathered before the portals of the mansion once occupied by the late Lord Trent.

The estate was to be sold at auction and the auctioneer began his ballyhoo. He reeled of the charming aspects of the mansion, beginning with the panelled main hall and ending with the comfortable servants' quarters. He led his audience through the place and took them on a personally conducted tour over the well-kept grounds. He made the most of the rose gardens and the tennis courts and the stables. And then he called for bids.

No one seemed interested in bidding, but finally someone said: "Five pounds." a guffaw ran through the crowd, but the auctioneer's face did not change expression. "I've got five pounds, who'll give me six?" he shouted. Many repetitions of the question brought an offer of six pounds. Mr. Wightman raised the bid to seven pounds.

For ten minutes the auctioneer labored to draw a better offer from his hearers, and then, to the amazement of them all, and particularly to Mr. Wightman, he said: "Sold to this gentleman here for seven pounds."

The Nottingham contractor, as he afterward explained, said that he thought the auctioneer was joking and that he made his absurdly low bid in the spirit of fun. He didn't dream of buying a nobleman's manor for $35, less than the cost of one of the heavy oak stable doors.

But when he clinched the strange deal by giving the auctioneer 10 per cent of the purchase price as an evidence of good faith, he found out that his financial obligations as lord of the manor would not be entirely discharged when he had paid the balance of the seven pounds.

There was, it seemed, a little item of about $600 a year land rent which had to be paid to the Duke of Newcastle because centuries ago some British monarch had given the title to the land to some ancestor of the Duke. Then, too, the owner of the estate was required to keep the mansion in a good state of repair.

Mr. Wightman isn't sure that he wants to keep his $35 mansion under these conditions, but he's not worrying over his purchase.

"If I am allowed to do so," he said, "I may convert the manor into flats and get some tenants, and I'll rent out the tennis courts. If I find the manor too much of a burden I can always give the place away to someone who can afford to pay the land rent and keep the place up. I hope, however, that I can find some way of keeping the estate and moving there with myself and family. We'd have a jolly time on the place."

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Mr. Parliman's Peculiarly Dangerous Temptation

Married One Conspicuous Beauty, but Then Along Came "Miss Universe," Declared Loveliest Woman in This or Any Other World, and How Could Anyone Resist Her Charms?—And His Wife Complains He Didn't

Miss Britton Exhibiting the Figure the Judges Thought the Most Beautiful Anywhere.

Dorothy Britton, "Miss Universe," Showing the Features the Beauty Contest Judges Decided Surpassed Any in the Known World and Even in the Unknown Worlds.

IF a commander surrenders to an overwhelming force, he is not blamed.

If a cashier or even a policeman throws up his hands when a gun is stuck in his ribs, he is not punished.

If a wife is overcome by the physical force of a powerful man, her husband is not supposed to divorce her.

It is permissible for anybody to yield to the irresistible, what the law calls a "force majeur."

On the same theory is a husband to be excused for handing over the love which belongs only to his wife to a "love pirate," if she happens to be absolutely the most beautiful woman in all creation and he can prove it?

This point may possibly be considered in imposing the permanent alimony, if any, to be paid by Mr. Clifford R. Parliman, once wealthy real estate operator, who is being sued for divorce by Mrs. Gladys Walton Parliman, and also in Mr. Parliman's $100,000 alienation-of-affections suit against his parents-in-law. If it lets one out it ought to let the other.

Mrs. Parliman, a former actress and unusually attractive young woman, as anyone can see from her picture on this page, names as co-respondent Miss Dorothy Britton. This is the one and only Britton, not to be confused with such lesser powers as Congressman Britten or Great Britain. Miss Britton, in a beauty contest, won the title of "Miss New York," which meant that she was the most beautiful woman in that State—and that's something.

But later, at a bigger and better contest, she won the highest conceivable beauty title, that of "Miss Universe." If the learned judges, experts drawn from all over the world, were correct she must be the most dazzlingly perfect feminine specimen, not only in this world but, according to their judgment, in heaven and all other worlds.

How could any mere man resist such an irresistible person? It is not known that anyone ever has. Does Mr. Parliman "deny the soft impeachment?" In his answer, he refutes all the other charges his wife makes, such trifles as kicking her in the stomach, knocking her over a day bed, pulling the bed clothes off from her and her mother, and then gazing down at what that act revealed, calling his mother-in-law "a bum and bow-legged."

These and all the other things he says he positively didn't do. But he never even mentions Miss Britton. Still how could any man be so modest as to deny that the loveliest woman in the universe had fallen for him?

The Parliman marriage, if not made in heaven, was performed as close to it as possible without dying. It was "solemnized" in an airplane soaring over the State of New Jersey, on August 22, 1929. Now that everyone is in court telling things, it turns out that there had been a previous wedding, on the ground, a month before. The bride, the former Gladys Walton, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Walton, wealthy Chicago jewellers.

According to Mrs. Parliman's complaint, Mr. Parliman was a good enough husband, with an income of $40,000 a year, until the couple moved to Amity Harbor, where they remained from April to August of 1931, with less and less amity. The change for the worse which Gladys noted in her husband at that time, she now attributes to the influence of Miss Universe.

Gladys Walton Parliman, Also a Renowned Beauty, Who, She Says, Could Not Compete With Miss Britton.

And Here Is Miss Britton Triumphantly Waving the Stars and Stripes and Wearing Her Badge of "Miss Universe."

In case other suspicious wives wish to know the symptoms of a husband being pulled out of his matrimonial orbit by the attraction of one of these "heavenly bodies," Mrs. Parliman has given them. She states that in Amity Harbor, for the first time since they were married, Clifford began coming home on the very last train and then missing even that. He pleaded business as an excuse. But, if business was as sick as he said, why bother with it?

However, wasn't that always the way—the invalid wife or child always getting the petting and the healthy ones the neglect? She wasn't really concerned, she says, until Cliff startled her with the announcement that he was a bad husband for her. It is customary for wives to utter that opinion of their husbands, but for a husband to assert it about himself was all wrong and disconcerting. To add insult to injury, he suggested that she go away for a while because "absence makes the heart grow fonder," or, anyway, to go to work and help get the family budget balanced, she claims.

These disagreeable suggestions caused much conversation which went on until they moved to an apartment in New York City, where Parliman finally persuaded her to visit her parents, in October, 1931. He was interested in property near the entrance to the new George Washington Bridge over the Hudson which was on the point of opening and he could not be properly attentive to both his wife and his invalid business at that critical moment.

The original plan was for an absence of a couple of weeks, but each time she packed up, he would call on the long distance and get her to stay a little longer, so she alleges. For practical and sentimental reasons, every wife should be at home and on the job around Christmas-present time and so, over his protests, Mrs. Parliman returned to Mr. Parliman, December 7.

The place looked like Merry Christmas, but somehow she was more alarmed than merry. To her astonishment, she says, the flat had been refurnished "sumptuously," new curtains, new blankets, new comforters, new linen, and even new silver, all in spite of that "terrible business." The shining home seemed to say: "You're as welcome as the flowers in May." But who was it that was so welcome? She remembered that other old song: "I don't have to put my glasses on to see dat welcome on de mat ain't meant for me."

Mr. Parliman had to do some explaining and he did, she says, beginning with the new silver. This had been necessary because he had been forced to pawn the old. All the other items were accounted for in one way or another. Before he got to the end of the list he was quite cross. This irritation added to that caused by her returning so soon caused him to come home very late the first three nights. This, in turn, caused Mrs. Parliman to greet him with tears, and even a Miss Universe would probably not be so beautiful, weeping.

The fourth evening he showed up for dinner which he enlivened with table talk that was at least interesting. His theme was getting a divorce. She says: "He said our horoscopes did not click and I would be better off without him. He said we would never have children because in astrology our signs squared. Finally, he suggested that I go to Reno and get a divorce there. He would pay all the expenses, and afterward allow me alimony."

Clifford R. Parliman, the Well-known Real Estate Operator, Whose Wife Alleges He Couldn't, or Didn't, Successfully Resist "Miss Universe's" Charms.

During the next week or so Mr. Parliman kept coming home late. She alleges he said he had never loved her—that all the poetry he had written about her was in reality written about another girl and he had simply put her name in it. On December 19th he told her, she says, that he was involved in a bootlegging scheme, in order, she thinks, to make her disgusted with him.

On December 14th, Mrs. Parliman says that she found her husband, somewhat "lit," throwing clothes into a suitcase. His explanation was that he was going to Lake Placid for a rest. When she suggested going along he showed his annoyance, she says, by flourishing a pistol and taking a shot at the radiator.

He returned to New York a week or so later, not from Lake Placid, but from Havana. And, according to Mrs. Parliman, the arguments immediately started up again. He said he was in love with another woman and kept at his wife to get a divorce. Then he said that he couldn't afford to pay the rent any longer and they would have to move to a cheaper apartment.

On January 14th someone called Mrs. Parliman on the house phone and asked to see the apartment. This caused the wife to send for reinforcements, and shortly afterward Mrs. Parliman's mother moved in.

The law does not require any man to love his mother-in-law, but most husbands consider it prudent to treat them, like tax collectors and other necessary evils, with respect. For several weeks Mr. Parliman, according to Mrs. Parliman, contented himself with merely talking to mother and daughter. He continued to urge his wife to get a divorce and protested to Mrs. Walton that he was not good enough for Gladys. All this got him nowhere."

Next, so she asserts, he had the telephone taken out and then came home only in the small hours of the night, waking the ladies up with conversation that would have been sufficiently unpopular even at seemly hours.

She says that sometimes he would pull the covers off them and tell them to get out of the bedroom, as he wanted to go to sleep. Or he would play the radio as loudly as possible. Or he would bring in a bunch of strangers and stage a drinking bout, while mother and daughter cowered in the bedroom.

Finally, one night he put both women out of the bedroom, she alleges, and walked out, announcing that movers would be around at eight o'clock the next morning to call for the furniture. The furniture was moved out on April 14th and since then Gladys Walton Parliman and her husband have not been living together.

Such unusual behavior in a man could only be caused by another woman, the ladies reasoned, and started looking for her. Edward Blundell, a landscape gardener with an eye for beauty, was given the scent and, according to his testimony, soon got an eyeful. Mr. Blundell rented a furnished room which permitted him to look into apartment 8D, at 440 West 24th Street. Presently he summoned Mrs. Parliman and her mother to come and see what he saw. The following is a sample of what he and the mother-in-law testified to witnessing day after day. It bears the date April 21st:

"During the early part of the evening Miss Britton was doing housework. The lights were all on, the shades were up. There were no curtains at the windows. Miss Britton was wearing an apron and dark gloves. Later on, she hung draperies. She finished her work and soon appeared in a rose-colored negligee.

"At 12:55 a. m., Parliman entered. Miss Britton had been sitting in a chair beside the window. She went to meet him and they kissed in the middle of the room. Then she went back to her chair and he stood talking to her. After a few minutes he removed his collar and tie and unbuttoned his shirt. He disappeared briefly and showed up in pajamas. He and Miss Britton then stood together in the center of the room with their arms around each other. Miss Britton entered the kitchen. Then the lights went out."

Mr. Parliman's answer, through his attorney, Harry Mabel of Goodman and Mabel, New York City, is a general denial and a $100,000 suit for alienation of affections against both his parents-in-law, whom he blames for the whole trouble.

He denies the alleged misconduct, but goes on to say that he will not defend the divorce action "except to see that an exorbitant and impossible amount of alimony is not awarded against me." "However," he remarks a little later, "I cannot let the allegations of cruelty, drunkenness, bootlegging and shooting go unanswered. They are false in every material particular. I do take a social drink in moderation, but never have I been intoxicated. I drink no more than the average citizen in this anti-prohibition community. I never was or said I was a bootlegger. I never struck my wife or unloaded a gun in my home. I never asked my wife to divorce me and would be happy to go back and live with her if we would live apart from my mother-in-law."

The court ordered him to pay his wife $50 a week temporary alimony pending trial of the divorce suit.

Miss Universe has sued Mrs. Parliman for $20,000 defamation-of-character damages.

Co-respondents almost never appear in court, which is perhaps a mistake because it prevents judge and jury from assessing their beauty and determining whether the erring husband might have resisted successfully or was overwhelmed by an irresistible force.

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Fashionable English Women Take to Smoking Pipes

Miss Daphne du Maurier, Author, of Ferryside, Near Fowey, Enjoying a Few Puffs on Her Favorite Pipe Just Before Embarking for a Boat Trip.

It's Considered "Smart" to Smoke Pipes in Public, So These Two Fair Residents of London Are Indulging Themselves Atop a London Bus.

Smoking the Weed, With a Strength Probably a Dozen Times That of a Pipe, Is No Novelty to the Women of the Island of Luzon, as May Be Judged by the Nonchalance With Which This Belle Goes About Her Tussle With One of the Huge Cigars That Are Popular in Her Native Village.

RESIDENTS of the British capital have become accustomed to the sight of women smoking cigarettes in public, but some of them were surprised, not to say shocked, a few days ago when two comely young debutantes walked along busy Oxford Street puffing away at very masculine looking pipes.

Just how the fad for pipe smoking started among the feminine residents of London is hard to say, but it was started some months ago, and it was not uncommon for girls, young and old, to fill up their briars when they gathered in their homes or their clubs. Then the vogue spread to the beaches of England's watering places, particularly the seaside resorts patronized by the so-called smart set.

No one paid much attention to the pretty pipe-smokers in these places, for a spirit of informality pervades the communities where people go for their holidays. Their very masculine mode of taking "the weed" was looked upon as something of a lark, and the police stationed at the resorts did nothing more positive than to mention to their superiors that, now and again, they happened to see a girl pulling away at a pipe.

But when the two courageous pioneers strolled down Oxford Street, right in the heart of London smoking briarwoods with all the unself-consciousness of their fathers or their brothers, that, in the words of some of the shocked observers, was "a bit too thick."

But whether such behavior is thick or thin doesn't seem to matter, because there are no statute books to prevent a young woman—or an old woman—from smoking on Oxford Street, or any other street in London. Already a few frankly disapproving individuals have written indignant letters to the Times, wanting to know what England and the flower of the Empire's young womanhood is coming to. But these communications have been matched by quite as many letters from broad-minded citizens who can't see that it matters much whether the fair flowers of the Empire stick to cigarettes or take their tobacco in the form of cigars or pack the stuff in the bowls of pipes.

Of course, the pipe manufacturers have hailed the vogue, and, by subtle publicity, have done considerable to justify the feminine pipe-smokers in what one critic called their "brazen and shameless offense against their sex and good taste."

These concerns have even gambled that the fad is going to increase in popularity and have designed and made thousands of lightweight and delicate briarwoods which, they believe, will appeal especially to Milady.

Miss Daphne du Maurier, the socially prominent daughter of Sir Gerald and Lady du Maurier, has placed the stamp of approval on the revived fad. She refuses to call it a new vogue, pointing out that the grandmothers and the great-grandmothers of some of the first English families pulled away at their pipes in the privacy of their apartments.

Miss du Maurier takes no credit for starting her countrywomen along the path of their men folk in the manner of enjoying the "weed," but she admits that she has found pleasure in an occasional pipe for the past two or three years, particularly when she was at work on her novels. To date she has turned out two very creditable books and the critics have seen in her writing something of the skill of her celebrated grandfather, the late George du Maurier, who placed his name among the immortals by the writing of "Trilby."

Many a smart young English woman, who would have hesitated to follow the lead of a pair of debutantes strolling down a London street, has shamelessly copied the distinguished and correct young novelist. It is not unusual at some of the smart hunt clubs and golf clubs to see young women, and some not so young, reach in the pockets of their tweed jackets for their pipes and tobacco pouches.

"The Thinker" of London's Zoo

—On the Left—
A New Arrival at the London Zoo Is This Pensive-Looking Gibbon, Whose Studious Expression and Pose Have Earned Him the Name of "The Thinker." Zoologists Declare His Countenance Reflects a Remarkable Intelligence.

PHOTOPRESS

—On the Right—
Two Girls of the Fashionable Set of London, Who Pioneered in the Pipe-Smoking Vogue by Parading the Streets While Smoking Their Pipes With All the Confidence of Adolescent College Students.

© KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

Are They Holy Men, Or—Just Plain Loafers?

THE roadsides and market places of India are cluttered with so-called holy men who go in for such stunts as holding their arms above their heads until the flesh shrinks from the bone and eating live scorpions.

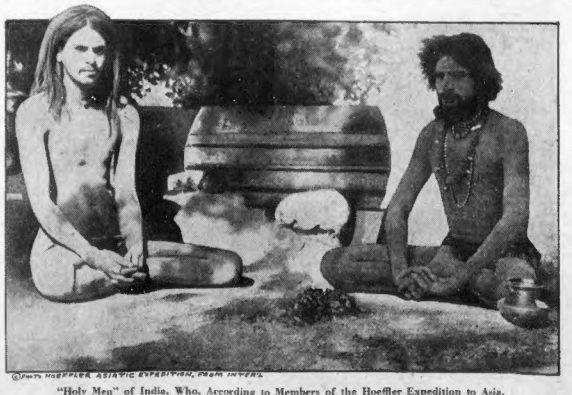
Most of the natives are duly impressed by these maneuvers and accept the men who perform them as something more than mortal and, therefore, entitled to special respect and regard. But more than one visitor to India has seen nothing praiseworthy or supernatural about these stunters and has been frank to say that more than half the holy men are just plain loafers who prefer this easy and unproductive mode of life to doing some form of honest labor.

One scientist who recently returned from a year's visit to the native heath of Gandhi said: "When a man gets lazy in India—which means going into a state amounting to suspended animation—he becomes a holy man. In order that his fellow citizens may know that he has quit work to join the ranks of the sacred, he smears himself with ashes and takes up a squatter's claim, usually beneath some roadside tree which casts a protective shade during the hottest part of the day. Then he devotes his entire time to eating, meditation or sleeping—mostly sleeping."

A fellow who did the same thing in any European country, or in America, would be promptly taken in hand by the authorities. His status in the community would be anything but saintly and he would be warned to get up and try to rustle himself a job, or take his place in a breadline with other unfortunate mortals who find themselves in the ranks of the unemployed.

Of course, there are holy men in India who take their jobs very seriously, men who appear to be endowed with powers beyond those given to the average person. Some of these men, inspired with fanatical religious zeal, go without food or drink for weeks at a stretch and others perform "miracles" which apparently defy all the laws of nature.

Not long ago one of these seemingly genuine holy men died in Burma after eating a quantity of broken glass and nails which he washed down with deadly poison. For several years before he died he frequently demonstrated his ability to take such stuff into his system with no apparent harmful effects.



© INTN HOEFFLER ASIATIC EXPEDITION, FROM INTERNATIONAL

"Holy Men" of India, Who, According to Members of the Hoeffler Expedition to Asia, May Not Be, After All, So Holy as People Are Led to Believe. Many of These Men Are Simply Lazy and Adopt Saintly Roles to Avoid Working for a Living.

Pink Lemons Puzzle Science

AMONG hundreds of trees in a Burbank, California, lemon grove stands one freak tree which has the scientists guessing. This tree, unlike those about it, has on its branches lemons that are distinctly pink in color. The rind of the fruit is pink. The flesh is pink and the juice is the same pretty color. If lemons of this curious kind could be developed in quantity, it would be possible to supply circus patrons with genuine pink lemonade.

How the pink lemons happened is a mystery, because there is no evidence that Mother Nature ever intended to make lemons anything but yellow.

The tree itself is an unusual freak. Its trunk and its branches look, from a distance, much like the trunk and the branches of the familiar Eureka lemon, but a close study of the tree reveals that its bark is striped and that some of the limbs are bright green and others are white. These white limbs have yet to produce a lemon, pink or otherwise.

Scientists who have tried to trace the origin of the odd tree are convinced that it would be practically impossible to use this tree as the parent for a new and unusual species of lemon. In other words, they see little chance for making nature turn out pink lemons in quantity. It is their guess that the one tree that is unlike any other lemon tree in the country, and perhaps in the whole world, is the freak offspring of a freak parent.

Noise a Hazard to Juvenile Thought

SCIENTISTS have believed for a long time that children attending schools in the country's large cities are handicapped in their work by the sounds that come to their ears from the busy streets around the school buildings.

To find out exactly how distracting noise is and the effect it has on the power of the youthful mind to concentrate, the Noise Abatement Commission of New York City recently undertook a series of tests among the pupils of the Riverdale Country School, which is just outside the city.

Two hundred boys were selected for the experiments. For an hour a day these boys studied their lessons in rooms that were absolutely quiet, in rooms that were filled with a moderate amount of noise and in other rooms in which loud noises were made.

It was found that the average boy's ability to study was about 7 per cent higher in a quiet room than in a room filled with loud noises and from 12 to 13 per cent higher in a moderately noisy room than in one where the pupils' ears were assailed by an insistent din.

One surprising result of the tests was found in the seeming advantage of studying under conditions of moderate noise over studying in a room free from noise. In the earlier days of the test, the subjects concentrated from 5 to 6 per cent better in moderate noise than they did when their surroundings were quiet. Before the tests were completed, however, it was learned that little sounds gradually get on the students' nerves and affect their ability to think and remember.

The effect of noise seemed to be about the same on boys of junior high school age as on their fellow students in senior high school. In all cases, noise was detrimental to study and loud noise very definitely slowed down the mental processes.

Educators all over the country were interested in the series of experiments carried on in New York and they believe that the undertaking may lead to more detailed studies to gauge the effect of noise on the progress of public school pupils.

Architects, too, have shown an active interest in the problem. Some of them have said that it would be possible to build schools with special insulation to keep out distracting sounds. A school in the heart of New York, they point out, could be made as peaceful as the single room of the most rural of little red schoolhouses by the use of scientific principles in construction.

The Noise Abatement Commission did not confine itself to schools in its effort to learn how noise works on the minds and nerves of city dwellers. Its members measured the din on busy streets and in the offices of skyscrapers and suggested many ways to reduce the annoying noises of urban life.

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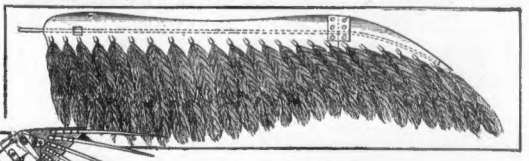
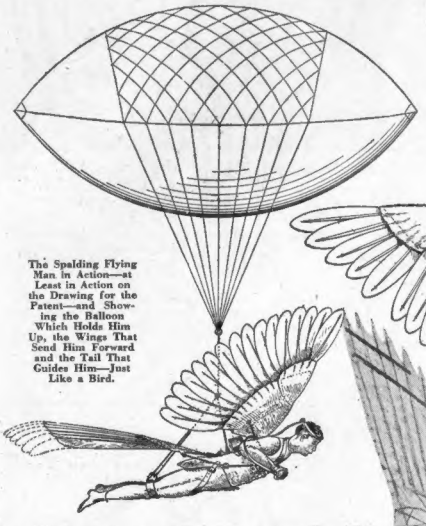
Every Man His Own Flying Machine

Curious Patents to Enable Everyone to Fly Like a Bird and Also to Use Living Birds to Pull Balloons and Other Air Vessels

A Device for a Heavier-Than-Air Flying Machine, Operated by Wings Which Are Controlled and Worked by a Man in the Frame of the Machine Using His Feet as Pedals to Provide Power and His Hands to Manipulate the Wings. Below Is a Section of the Feathered Wings.



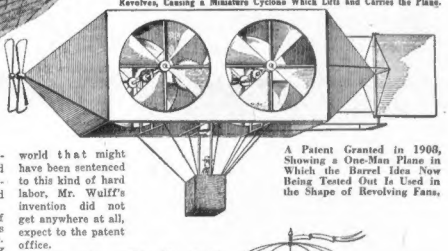


The Spalding Flying Man in Action—at Least in Action on the Drawing for the Patent—and Showing the Balloon Which Holds Him Up, the Wings That Send Him Forward and the Tail That Guides Him—Just Like a Bird.

Back View of the Spalding Flying Machine for Which Patents Were Granted in 1889, and Showing the Complex Machinery He Would Have Had to Manipulate If He Had Flown, but Never Did.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Barrel Aeroplane Now Undergoing Tests at San Diego, California. The Barrel Revolves, Causing a Miniature Cyclone Which Lifts and Carries the Plane.



A Patent Granted in 1903, Showing a One-Man Plane in Which the Barrel Idea Now Being Tested Out Is Used in the Shape of Revolving Fans.

ALMOST any man with a little practice can "swim like a fish," but no amount of practice will enable him to "fly like a bird."

Therefore, it has always been his ambition to soar through the air under his own motive power. Even nowadays, when aerial flights are a commonplace to most everyone, man is not satisfied to step into a high-powered, luxurious passenger sky liner—he still wants to be his own airplane.

Back in Greek mythology, old Daedalus outfitted his son Icarus and himself with waxen wings and they soared aloft. Young Icarus got too near the sun, which melted the wax, and Icarus fell to his death. Ever since those days, and maybe before, man has tried to propel himself through the air with balloons, one-man motors, kites, live birds, birds' wings and mechanical wings, and with various other original devices. The curious thing about it, as revealed by a recent search of the United States Patent Office records at Washington, is that the perfection of the gasoline-motored airplane has not stopped the flow of ingenious inventions to permit every man to be his own flying machine. Some of the early patents are very curious.

In 1867 W. F. Quinby, of Wilmington, Del., was granted a patent for a flying apparatus consisting of a pair of wings fastened to the human body which could be put in motion by the hands and feet of the operator.

"In using this invention," its creator himself explained, "a motion is given the arms and legs almost precisely like that in swimming, and the effect is nearly the same." Nearly.

The inventor was good enough to provide, with other drawings, a figure which represents a person flying through the air with "my improved apparatus," but there is no information that it ever got past the stage of a drawing. The two side wings of the apparatus were to be propelled by means of the rowing or swimming stroke of the "aeronaut's" arms, while his feet were to operate a third and dorsal wing, or tail, designed to steer his flight to right or left and make him go up or down.

R. J. Spalding, of Rosita, Col., who patented a similar but more elaborate outfit of wings in 1889, went Mr. Quinn one better by suggesting a balloon to hold him up in the air while he was fanning the atmosphere with mighty wing swoops. All the aviator had to do was to hang gracefully beneath his supporting balloon and work his arms and legs. The wings conceived by Mr. Spalding were to have real turkey feathers covering them, though their understructure consisted of light metal ribs covered with waterproof fabric which would cleave the air with authority.

Each wing was to have a spring coil which when compressed by a downward motion of the birdman's arm would immediately exert an upward impulse, thus saving the soaring gentleman the trouble of raising his wing by muscle power. The pinions were to be collapsible, and could be partly or completely folded by the aeronaut simply by means of pulling a knotted cord.

Thus if he got tired of flying and wanted to rest he could gracefully fold his wings and just hang blissfully in space while his balloon slowly descended.

The balloon was to have just enough lifting force to support the man, less a few pounds, and these few pounds of deadweight were all that had to be overcome by wing-action, so that the airman, theoretically anyway, could rise or descend at will.

But there were other uses for this apparatus besides ballooning—for instance, crossing the Grand Canyon. As Mr. Spalding set forth in his specifications:

"It will be understood that the flying machine comprising the wings and tail or the wings alone may be used advantageously without the balloon. For instance, a cord may be suspended from a pulley running on a wire stretched across a chasm or other place, and the aeronaut may operate the wings to propel himself through the air while he is supported mainly or partly by the wire; or the wings, either with or without the tail, may be applied to boat or framework, and the wings may be operated by man or animal or electro-magnetic or any other power for moving the vehicle or boat or framework forward."

Many a motorist would find these wings invaluable. Come a breakdown on the road and into his wing jacket leaps the unworried driver, and flaps gaily homeward, while his back-seat-driving wife screams at him to slow down for curves. It might even draw a smile of approval from a hard-boiled traffic cop. "My godfathers!" he would cry. "It is the angel Gabriel, towing a flivver!"

But it was the joy of winging through upper space that the inventor had most in mind. "When the aeronaut is flying," he told the patent office, "the wings operate with practically the same effect as the wings of an eagle, and the aeronaut may easily turn either way by holding one of the wings in a horizontal position"—stick out his hand for a left turn, as it were—"and working the other wing. And he may assist himself in taking a different course by laterally spreading either side portion of his tail."

Mr. Spalding's ideas, for some reason, were not enthusiastically taken up by the general public, and for years they have remained just a patent at Washington, and nothing more. But in 1911, long after the Wright brothers had proved that an airplane could fly, another inventor improved on Mr. Spalding's correct imitation of a bird by patenting a flying machine that was to have not one but many pairs of wings. There was to be a framework supporting these many flappers, and an aviator seated therein was to fly by industriously operating hand levers and foot pedals.

Charles N. Newcomb, of West Palm Beach, Fla., was the inventor of this device. An oscillating shaft running the length of the framework was to flap all the wings at once when actuated by the birdman, except a pair of glider wings at the front for steering purposes. Like Mr. Spalding's wings, these could be partially or completely folded. "A suitable type of motor also may be employed for actuating the driving shaft," Inventor Newcomb suggested.

So much for imitation bird wings. But for real, smooth, birdlike flying, why not try the real thing? That was the question that occurred to C. R. E. Wulff, of Paris, France, and this country, inventor of a flying device which was to use actual eagles, condors or other large birds for its motive power.

M. Wulff's idea was to have a small balloon surmounted by a platform, on which two vigorous birds, one to port and one to starboard, were to be made to flap their wings when properly worried by an aviator occupying the platform or riding in a car suspended beneath the balloon. The birds were to be perched on standards which, by means of flanged rollers, would revolve on a circular track, each bird trussed up in a special harness so he had to do as he was desired to do.

The harness fixed the bird tightly to his perch on a hinge, but left the bird's wings free. By means of a lever the operator could tilt a bird forward suddenly on the harness hinge, so the bird, thinking he was going to fall, would burst into flight. Thus either or both birds could be made to flap wings as desired. By some means not obvious in the specifications, but perfectly clear to the inventor, he claimed he could make the birds fly the balloon up or down also. There was a parachute arrangement above the birds to protect them from storm or too much sun, and when the birds were not busy flying they were to rest uncorseted on rails provided, a net being lowered around the platform to keep them from flying away.

Happily for all the big birds in the world that might have been sentenced to this kind of hard labor, Mr. Wulff's invention did not get anywhere at all, expect to the patent office.

In December, 1889, Mr. David Thayer, of Boston, had it all figured out that a box-kite arrangement with balloons attached could be used in pulling ships over the water, vehicles over land, or whatever. Midway to the kite, or at any altitude desired, the aviator was to sit in a sort of car or elevator. To guide the box-kite he could manipulate its planes—the inventor referred to them, as a matter of fact, as "aero-planes" — by means of halyards and pulleys.

"If in the course of the voyage," the sympathetic inventor set forth, "it is found that the car is fastened to the draft-ropes too low down, or so near the water that the roughness of the waves causes seasickness, the car can be easily drawn up farther from the water and nearer to the kites, where the motion of the sea will be felt much less, and consequently the seasickness will be cured or prevented."

Mr. Thayer claimed that his invention would work fine with a sled to be dragged over ice, and that there were many other uses for it. For instance, in shipwreck life-saving. All the Coast Guard men would have to do would be to send up the box-kite from shore. It could be obligingly suspended over the water, and ropes trailing down from the kite could reach the vessel in distress, so that everybody on board could grab hold of a rope and be saved. This could only be done, of course, when the wind was blowing conveniently from off-shore—but it looked like a good idea to Mr. Thayer at that time.

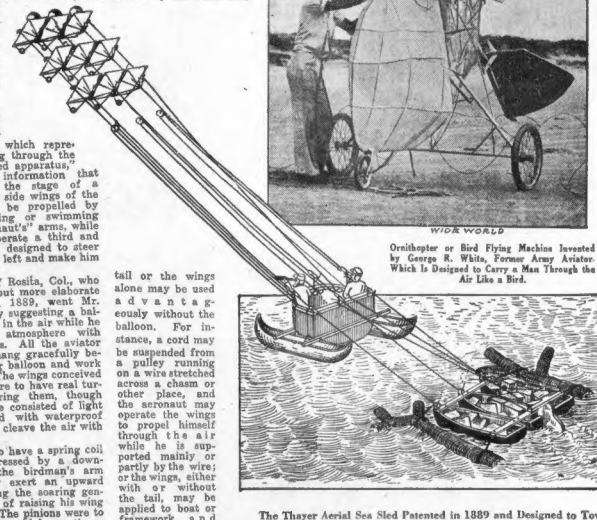
E. R. Ernst, of Warrenpoint, N. J., in March, 1903, invented a box-like machine which was to have two motors, one for a propeller at the front end and the other to operate two big interior fans which were designed to force air into the box and create an upward pressure which would make the device fly. Mr. Ernst intended his flying-machine to be quite light, but like the architect who built a two-story house without a stairway, Mr. Ernst forgot something. He forgot to include in his plans a tank to carry his gasoline.

An airplane vaguely similar in idea to Mr. Ernst's flying box was built recently by Paul Malwurm at San Diego, Cal. It is called a "Flying Barrel," and looks like one, but the barrel is not intended to serve as a cabin. It is an integral part of the motive power, being fitted on bearings to revolve. On the inside and outside of the barrel are helical, or spiral fins.

A motor turns the barrel at the rate of 300 revolutions a minute, and the result is to cause a cyclonic condition inside the cylinder calculated to lift the plane and carry it forward at a speed of about 60 miles an hour. Models of the plane were flown with marked success, and it is hoped that the invention will be perfected commercially.

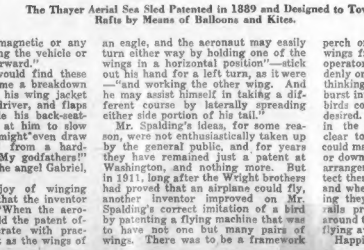
Meanwhile, men are flying around like birds in a million airplanes, more or less. But they don't look like birds, and inventors, like the ancient Greeks who figured out the Icarus myth, are still toying with the idea of wings for humans. Quite a recent attempt was the motorless ornithopter of George R. White, an inventor of Stony Brook, Long Island. The ornithopter, carrying a gross weight, inclusive of the aviator, of 278 pounds, was to be sustained by a beating of wings in a 17-foot arc at the rate of 80 flaps per minute.

Other inventors are working along similar lines. So maybe we'll all be flying, one of these days, with simple wings, and every man will be his own flying machine.

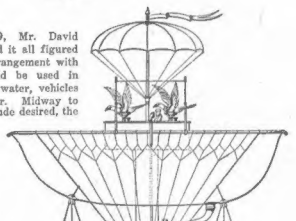


WIDE WORLD

Ornithopter or Bird Flying Machine Invented by George R. White, Former Army Aviator. Which Is Designed to Carry a Man Through the Air Like a Bird.



The Thayer Aerial Sea Sled Patented in 1889 and Designed to Tow Rafts by Means of Balloons and Kites.



Curious Balloon Patented in 1887 and Showing Immense Live Birds Which Were Supposed to Propel the Machine by the Beating of Their Wings.

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Astonishing Archeological Fakes

A French Scientist Describes the Bogus Stone Hatchets and Bones, Pottery and Crowns and Other "Priceless Relics of the Past" Which Have Deceived Museum Experts Over All the World

Specimens of the Fraudulent "Moabitic Pottery" of Palestine Sold to the German Government—an Unknown Pagan Goddess and Caricatures of a Modern Frenchman and a Woman Wearing a Corset.

THERE is undoubtedly a great fascination in the achievements of clever fakers of prehistoric and antique objects. Thousands of people have read with a certain wicked pleasure how the directors of the Paris Louvre were deceived by the "tiara of Saitapharnes" or the learned Dr. Bode, of Berlin, bought "a bust of Flora," which he supposed to be the work of the great Leonardo da Vinci and which turned out to be a modern creation made of candle ends.

The feelings which inspire so much interest in fakes perhaps are partly a covert admiration for the clever rascals who make them and partly pleasure at finding that the most learned men can be deceived in their own specialties.

The Queen "Iconoliths of Wuerzburg," the Earliest Known Archeological Fake, Cogus Fossil Palmed Off on Dr. G. L. Hueber, of Wuerzburg University, in 1725.

The list of frauds that have deceived the greatest experts is long and impressive. Professor A. Vayson de Pradenne, former president of the Prehistoric Society of France, has compiled a full and interesting description of the most remarkable fakes in his extensive new book, "Frauds in Prehistoric Archeology," with 46 plates, published by Emile Nourry, Paris. He does not confine himself absolutely to prehistoric frauds, but deals with matters as recent as the tiara of Saitapharnes which was supposed to date from late Greek times.

The original archeological fake, according to Professor de Pradenne, was the discovery of the "iconolithe" of Wuerzburg, Germany, in 1725, by Dr. G. L. Hueber. The science of archeology as now understood did not exist then. The Bible chronology was accepted literally, the world was supposed to have been made in 4,004 B. C. and it was sacrilegious to believe anything else. Nevertheless men of inquiring mind were industrious in picking up curiosities. Prehistoric flint arrowheads were officially supposed to be "thunderstones" dropped from heaven and other relics were accounted for in some fantastic way. But some observant men could not help remarking on the resemblance of these curios to human weapons and tools.

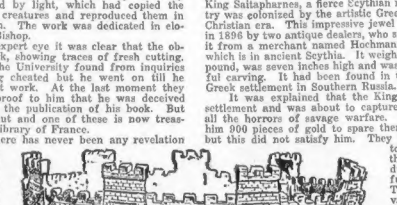
Dr. G. L. Hueber was one of the most distinglished scholars of the University of Wuerzburg. Hearing that some interesting fossils had been excavated near Wuerzburg, he employed three innocent youths, the eldest of whom was eighteen, to hunt for similar ones for himself. These youths quickly brought him one of the most remarkable collections of stone curios ever seen. They described how they had dug them up and took him to the spot. The objects represented toads, serpents, snails and many strange monsters such as were never seen before. Some of them bore ancient Hebrew inscriptions. In all they brought him 1,000 pieces in six months.

Dr. Hueber promptly set about the preparation of a magnificent volume ornamented with full page plates describing the finds. In this he set forth the original theory that they were created by light, which had copied the forms of extinct rare creatures and reproduced them in the bowels of the earth. The work was dedicated in eloquent language to his Bishop.

To a moderately expert eye it was clear that the objects were modern work, showing traces of fresh cutting. Several professors of the University found from inquiries that Hueber was being cheated but he went on till he had completed his great work. At the last moment they presented undeniable proof to him that he was deceived and he countermanded the publication of his book. But several copies leaked out and one of these is now treasured by the National Library of France.

Strange to say, there has never been any revelation of how the professors convinced Hueber that he had been cheated. Ordinarily the discoverer of a fraud is quick to publish the fact. The most reasonable explanation of the omission is that somebody in high position planned the fraud and it was necessary to protect him.

America early engaged in the production of fake antiquities and it must be admitted that she produced some brilliant results. As long ago as 1839, Dr. Albert C. Koch made his famous discoveries, purporting to show that man lived at the same time as the mastodon in Missouri.



Gold Crown in the Royal Museum at Berlin, Supposed to Be Late Greek, but Proved to Be a Clever Modern Imposture by the Same Hand That Made the Equally Fraudulent "Tiara of Saitapharnes" Once in the Louvre.

"In 1839 Dr. Albert C. Koch discovered in the bottom of the Bourbeuse River, in Gasconade County, Missouri, the remains of a mastodon under peculiar circumstances. The greater part of the bones were more or less burnt and this was sufficent to prove that a fire had been lighted by human action with the object of killing this enormous creature, which had been caught in the mud in a state of complete helplessness. The front and hind legs of the animal were not touched by the fire and were in an upright position with toes attached, showing that the earth was plastic when the event occurred. The portions of the skeleton, however, which had been exposed above the old clay bed were consumed by the fire. The fire had been particularly fierce around the head of the animal.

"Mixed with the ashes and bones were a great quantity of rocks which had been picked up on the banks of the river to throw at the animal. But the fire and throwing of stones had not been enough to overcome the mastodon, for Dr. Koch found among the ashes several stone arrowheads, a lance-head and several stone axes which were extracted in the presence of numerous witnesses of the neighborhood."

The discovery called up a thrilling picture of a fight between the gigantic mastodon and the brave little prehistoric man. This was particularly interesting because men were not known to have lived at the same time as the mastodon and have not yet been proved to have done so.

Several other discoveries of a similar character were reported by the enterprising Dr. Koch, who generously presented his latest finds to the Academy of Science of St. Louis. He added interest to this gift by saying that similar specimens had been purchased and placed in the British Museum and the Royal Museum of Berlin.

Some scientific criticisms were aimed at Dr. Koch's discoveries soon after they were made, but as late as 1900 Dr. Thomas Wilson, of the United States National Museum of Washington, asserted at an International Congress in Paris that the discoveries were genuine and Dr. Koch had proved that man and the mastodon lived at the same time.

Finally Dr. Hrdlicka and J. H. Holmes, the well-known experts of the Smithsonian Institution, demonstrated the impossibility of man having lived at the time of the mastodon, showed that the arrow-heads might accidentally have been near the animal's remains, and that the fire could not have been lighted against the struggling monster.

A faker of note was Edward Simpson, of England, known as "Flint Jack," "Fossil Willy," "Cockney Bill," "Bones" and "Shirtless." He was born in 1815 and carried on his industry from 1841 to 1862. He produced so many antiques that he spoiled his market, and was driven to stealing, for which he was imprisoned in Bedford Jail, where he died.

"Flint Jack" started his career working as a digger for official archeologists and in this way learned to copy prehistoric arrowheads, etc., so correctly that they deceived eminent experts as being of real prehistoric antiquity.

Dr. E. J. Stevens, curator of the Blackmore Museum, writes:

"'Flint Jack' maintained for a time a factory of prehistoric objects on the coast of Yorkshire. He produced not only arrowheads and axes of all sizes, but flint rings, knives, saws and fish-hooks, which were reproduced as authentic in official archeological publications. A collection of his handiwork is now kept in the Blackmore Museum labelled 'false' as a guide to museum authorities in future."

Few archeological fakes can compare with the tiara of Saitapharnes, which was bought for $80,000 by a committee of experts representing the French Government for permanent exhibition in the Louvre. This tiara was supposed to have belonged to King Saitapharnes, a fierce Scythian monarch, whose country was colonized by the artistic Greeks shortly before the Christian era. This impressive jewel was brought to Paris in 1896 by two antique dealers, who said they had acquired it from a merchant named Hochmann, of Odessa, Russia, which is in ancient Scythia. It weighed slightly less than a pound, was seven inches high and was covered with beautiful carving. It had been found in the ruins of Olbia, a Greek settlement in Southern Russia.

It was explained that the King besieged the Greek settlement and was about to capture it and subject it to all the horrors of savage warfare. The citizens offered him 900 pieces of gold to spare them and their families, but this did not satisfy him. They then put their heads together and employed their best artists to produce the most beautiful tiara they could. This completely captivated the fierce King.

The modern owners said they must have an answer at once, as they had a date with the British Museum.

The experts of the French Government fell into the trap completely, and bought the tiara for $80,000. M. Heron de Villefosse, the chief representative of the Louvre, furnished the public with a glowing description of the scenes carved on the tiara, from which these lines are quoted: "Embassy of the Greeks to Achilles. Ulysses leads before him the beautiful Briseis and the other captives who, as Homer tells us, come to offer their modest attractions to the hero."

The carvings were extraordinarily fine, said M. de Villefosse. There could be no doubt whatever that they were made by the hands of an artist dead for a score of centuries. The mastery of the subjects carved upon the tiara, their execution, the technique all proclaimed their genuineness. Indeed, declared this eminent archeologist officially, it would be impossible to illustrate the text of Homer more perfectly than it is done in these drawings. Every line betrayed the workings of the antique mind, he said.

Within less than a year after this gem was placed on exhibition, the experts of the world began to criticize it. The Museum authorities of France and the high government officials who had sanctioned the purchase defended it indignantly, and the controversy went on for years.

The most damaging critic was the celebrated Adolph Furtwangler, director of the Munich Museum. He declared that every part of the tiara was of modern handiwork. It entirely lacked the reddish brown patina which was a universal feature of ancient gold objects. The illustrations of Homer on the tiara were inspired by the gestures of modern actors—and even those were not of the highest class, he contended.

While the controversy was raging, somebody brought to the Louvre a cup and a gold collar which appeared to be the work of the same hand as the tiara. Many experts agreed that they were. A crown by him was found in the Royal Museum, Berlin. It was then learned that these articles were the creation of a modest engraver of Odessa, Russia, named Roukhomovski.

The artistic reputation of France was now becoming imperilled by this question and Professor Clermont-Ganneau, of the College de France, the most distinguished Orientalist in the country, was appointed to investigate the matter and report upon it in 1903. He obtained an affidavit from Mr. Roukhomovski, in Odessa, that he was really the author of the tiara and that he was proud of his work. He accepted an invitation to come to Paris at a cost of 1,200 francs, and there proved beyond question that he really made the tiara.

The Jawbone of Moulin-Quignon, Passed Off on the Great Professor Boucher de Perthes as Prehistoric by Some Humble Brickmakers; and (Below) Contemporary Caricature of the French Academy Discussing the Find.

Under the eye of Clermont-Ganneau, this skilled artist produced carvings on gold that were an exact reproduction of those of the tiara, and other carvings that were unmistakably in the same style. M. Clermont-Ganneau took the tool with which the engraver worked and found that it fitted exactly into various marks on the tiara — the master had left his signature on the masterpiece in this modest manner. The tiara was consigned to the cellar of the Louvre.

It was a proud day for the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art when its president, Mr. John Taylor Johnston, announced that they had an opportunity to acquire the great collection of antiques discovered by General di Cesnola in Cyprus and to exhibit them under the General's name in the Museum at an enormous price, and in addition made the General director of the institution.

Louis P. di Cesnola had been United States Consul in Cyprus, when he reported to American friends that he had discovered an immense quantity of ancient Greek treasures. He always found the objects grouped in a highly interesting manner, as in a royal court or tomb. Most remarkable was his discovery in the ruins of ancient Curium.

"My experience," he wrote, "permitted me to discover a royal tomb in which I found such a treasure of objects in gold, silver and bronze that it threw into the shade the treasure of King Priam found by Schliemann. More than nine pounds of gold ornaments, including bracelets, necklaces, earrings, seals, medallions, etc., some of exquisite workmanship, were among them. I found vases, cups, pateras, rings, etc., of silver. In bronze there were many tripods, some three feet high, which were probably portable altars."

The New York Museum bought his collection and accepted all his terms, and he entered upon his duties as director. Not the least of these was to install his collection and plaster his own name all over the Museum. After a few years, however, criticisms of the Cesnola treasures began to appear. The noted German archeologist, Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, said that he had visited the ruins of Curium and satisfied himself that no such remains as General di Cesnola described had ever been found there. He demonstrated that General di Cesnola had invented gods and kings that never existed. Then the French archeologist, H. de Morgan, confirmed the statements of Richter and added some of his own.

The majority of Cesnola's articles were genuine, but had not been found under the interesting circumstances he had described. He had been collecting them for years in all parts of Cyprus, and had been able to obtain more than other collectors because he had paid higher prices. He had not found them in palaces, tombs or temples, but in the stores of antique dealers and the houses of peasants. The so-called treasure of Curium never existed.

The Moabitica was a large collection of pretended ancient Hebrew potteries that excited the world from 1872 onward. The French Government had recently acquired the stela of the temple and the stela of Mesa, two priceless ancient Hebrew treasures. The Imperial Government of Germany, recently established, was anxious to have antiques as good as France or England. Mr. Conder and Mr. Drake, of the British Palestine Exploration Fund, reported to the Royal Museum of Berlin that Mr. Shapira, a respected merchant of Jerusalem, had an interesting collection of ancient pottery. These experts were able to identify upon this pottery the wicked goddess Astarte, a specimen of the "seraphim" of the Bible, an image of the Phoenix, and other things not fit to be described in polite society. In these objects the experts traced the "abominations of Moab" so strongly denounced in the Bible, and therefore of exceptional interest.

After obtaining a quick report from Professor Schlottmann, the archeologist, the German Government hurriedly bought the treasures. Professor Clermont-Ganneau, of France, pointed out that the ancient characters on the objects were a senseless copy of Hebrew and other letters and some of the human figures caricatures of modern persons. The professor carried the investigation further and discovered that an Arab named Selim, living in Palestine, had made the objects. The expert further discovered the Arabs who had baked them. Selim's work was inspired by some one higher up, presumably Shapira. After a long debate in the Prussian Parliament, the Moabitica was consigned to the cellar.

Just before their fraudulent character was exposed, Shapira offered an alleged original manuscript of the Bible to the British Museum for $5,000,000. This became valueless when the other frauds were proved, and Shapira committed suicide in Amsterdam in 1884.

No expert was ever more strangely fooled than Professor Charles Lenormant, member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and one of the most distinguished archeologists of France of 50 years ago. He reported that he had discovered at La Chapelle Saint-Eloi a remarkable series of relics ranging from the ancient Roman occupation of France down to the earliest days of the French monarchy and the first establishment of Christianity.

Concerning the head of an old statue he dug up, he wrote: "Without doubt it shows the idealized traits of the Emperor Caracalla, whom servile flatterers compared to Hercules."

A scientific commission appointed to investigate these remarkable discoveries reported that what Professor Lenormant had discovered were two abandoned lime kilns and a quantity of blocks of stone and fragments of columns used in making lime, and a few Roman tiles and objects of genuine antiquity. Eventually it was discovered the fraud had been perpetrated by Lenormant's son, Francois, a brilliant classical student who had played this cruel trick on his father entirely in the spirit of mischief.

No archeological fake, perhaps, had more angles and interest than the Calaveras skull. Even today few people know the truth about it and many are convinced that it was genuine. The peculiar fact about the skull is that it was really old, although it did not have the stupendous age, about 300,000 years, attributed to it at the time of its discovery.

A human jawbone was dug up at Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville, in Normandy, in 1863, in company with many flint arrowheads, apparently prehistoric. Professor Boucher de Perthes, one of the first scientists to assert the great age of man, accepted them as genuine and thereby nearly ruined his reputation. English scientists proved that the jaw contained gelatinous matter, proving that it was modern, for ancient bone would long since have lots its gelatine.

Later it was proved that a gang of workmen who once made bricks had found it more profitable to make old stone hatchets, and had added a modern jaw from a cemetery to complete the swindle, selling all of these to the professor, who was anxious to prove the existence of man at this remote date, and was thus self-deceived. This incident of the Moulin-Quignon jawbone aroused public ridicule and the newspapers and magazines printed cartoons of the learned members of the French Academy discussing the great find.

"Prehistoric Carvings" of a Bear and a Fox Palmed Off as Having Been Found in Switzerland—and the Drawings in the Modern German Magazine "Jugend" from Which It Was Discovered They Had Been Copied.

Some relics supposed to belong to the Magdalenian division of the Cave Age were found at Thayngen, in Switzerland. The prehistoric artists had drawn clever pictures of a fox and a bear on stone. But they were far too clever—and that led to a very curious discovery. A casual observer noticed the striking resemblance between these "prehistoric" drawings and some pictures in the comic German publication Jugend.

This fraud and that of the Moulin-Quignon jawbone made scientists more careful in accepting archeological "discoveries."

Many countries furnish material to Professor de Praderme's entertaining volume. Switzerland has its fake lake dwellings, old Scotland its fake wateside dwellings called "brannogs" and Poland has strangely named caves filled with prehistoric relics which the experts believe they could prove fakes if they could talk Polish and run down the fakers.

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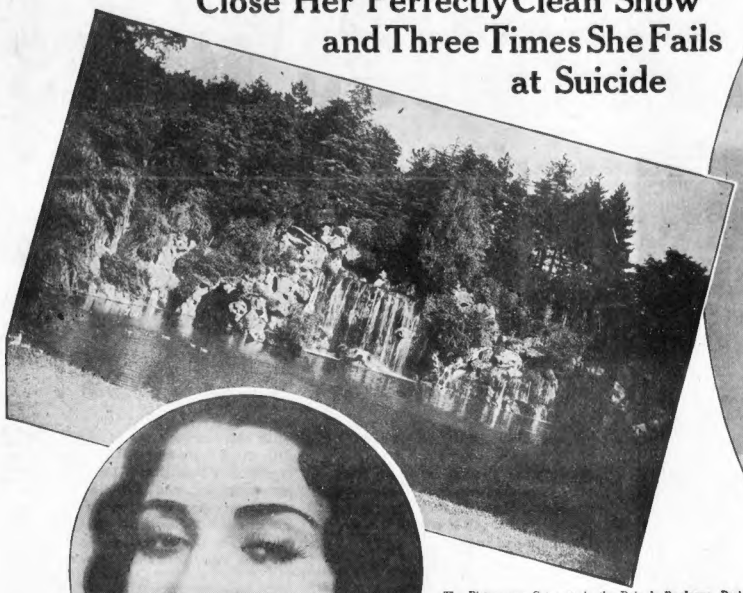
Virtuous, Talented—But Never a Bit of Luck

Mlle. Paule Launay Is Beautiful and Good, Marries for Love, but Her Husband Deserts Her, She Loses Her Child, the Reds Stone Her, the Police Close Her Perfectly Clean Show and Three Times She Fails at Suicide



The Picturesque Cataracts in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, the Scene of Mlle. Launay's Third Unsuccessful Attempt at Suicide.

Mlle. Oleo, the Cuban Star, Who Nursed Mlle. Launay Back to Life and Who Is Trying to Change Her Luck.

Mlle. Paule Launay, Whose Life, Despite Her Unusual Attractiveness, Intelligence and Goodness, Has Been Just One Misfortune After Another.

PARIS, Sept. 2.

"AM I GOING to die?" asks Mlle. Paule Launay, known as the most virtuous and the most unlucky actress in France, each time she tries to commit suicide.

"No, we are going to save you," the hospital doctors reply.

"Too bad!" she sighs. "Everything goes wrong, even my death."

Nobody disputes that Mlle. Launay is a good actress, a good wife, a good daughter to an invalid mother, a good mother to her child and does nothing but good in the world. Yet as a reward for all this goodness, the world seems to do nothing but kick her around.

Paris sardonically explains it by saying that it is goodness out of place, that such "immoderate virtue" in an actress is as unfortunate as pacifism in a soldier. Anyway, something is wrong.

She married for love instead of money, was true to her husband and bore him a son, instead of being childless and running around with rich and influential admirers. The husband showed his appreciation by deserting her just as their child was born.

Every time she makes a hit in a show something spoils it. The most notorious and disreputable actresses are free to appear on the French stage in the most indecent costumes that can be contrived, and without fear of interference from the authorities. Unfortunate Paule, whom everybody knows to be a good woman, had her biggest hit closed by the police, not because it was immodest but because it was "against public policy."

The real trouble was that it told the truth about the Legion of Honor scandal which has twice caused the Chamber of Deputies to debate abolishing the order.

By some crazy mistake the Communists, in one of their propaganda uprisings over the American Sacco and Vanzetti case, attacked the theatre in which she had just made one of her numerous, ill-fated hits, drove the audience down into the cellar and pelted the actress with stones. Neither Mlle. Launay nor the performance had anything to do with the murder trial, Communism or any other form of politics. It was just her bad luck.

If the stones which bruised her face and body had killed her she would have welcomed death, but all they did was kill her show which had just opened to crowded houses. By the time she was out of the hospital there had been so much publicity that the public feared to attend lest there be another attack. As often as she is able to accumulate a little savings in spite of her troubles, they are swept away for endless operations upon her invalid mother. Three times she has done her best to commit suicide only to have someone find her just in time to frustrate her intentions.

However, for a long time Paule had an influential friend, M. Fursy, famous as a singer and manager of the Moulin de Chanson. It was an honest, platonic friendship, and, as long as she had the backing of this man, she could "try, try again" with some assurance that eventually she might overcome her string of misfortunes. Not long ago this constant ray of hope was put out forever. Ten Italians, claiming that he owed them money, set upon Fursy and beat him so severely that he died from the injuries.

His loss caused one of her efforts to kill herself.

As soon as she got out of the hospital after her most recent attempt, a sympathetic millionaire took her for a ride in his car. Hardly had they started when a huge automobile crashed into them, injuring the rich man so severely that he will have little time to think of any but his own troubles for some time. Again, if it had killed the actress she would have been glad, but it only knocked out several teeth, probably marring her beauty for life.

Had she been the only person injured, she might have collected substantial damages from the bus company, enough to have continued the interminable and expensive operations and treatments for her invalid mother. But nine others were also injured so severely that the bus company is expected to go into bankruptcy and pay nothing.

An unscrupulous woman would turn on her wealthy friend and, though she knew he had taken her out for her own good and was in no way at fault, sue him because the accident had happened in his car. There again the woman is out of luck because she is too honest to play such a mean trick on a friend.

The Amusing Skit at the Theatre Des Deux Anes, From Which Mlle. Launay Went to Her Second Unsuccessful Tryst With Death—Mlle. Launay Is at Extreme Right.

After this accident, when she was carried back to the same room in the same hospital where they had just finished treating her for attempted suicide, the nurses were certain that they must redouble their watchfulness to prevent her doing it again. But this last blow has had just the opposite effect. The worm has turned.

The tormented, broken-spirited woman is now fighting mad against a fate that has picked on her so inexcusably. She is now determined to become successful, rich and happy, and remain a good woman, too, if she has to live to be a hundred. Her first move was to burn the works of her favorite authors, Dostoievsky, Tolstoi, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Francis Carco and other morbid, gloomy writers who scoff at life and insist on viewing everything upside down.

Looking back over her life, Mlle. Launay suspected that these books, depicting misery and glorifying failure, may have had something to do with her own bad fortune. For instance, just before her marriage at the age of 18, to Rene Artois, a French artist who has won several prizes at the salon, with his pen-and-ink sketches, she read and became deeply impressed with the ancient Arabic saying:

"Marriage is a joy for a month and a sorrow for a lifetime."

With that ill-omened thought in her mind, she went to the altar, remembered it constantly on her honeymoon and quoted it to the bridegroom. It came true. They were happy for just one month and then bickerings began. Whether this was the cause or not, her artist husband's work was inferior, did not sell and thus poverty was added to the situation. This reminded her of another saying:

"When poverty enters the door, love flies out of the window."

Sure enough, that happened also, as far as her husband was concerned. While she was in a hospital giving birth to their son Lionel, Rene improved the occasion by deserting to Belgium. Paule appealed to Rene's family which is wealthy and they agreed to rear the child on condition that its mother relinquish all rights and let them adopt it. When she realized too late that this meant losing her boy forever, she made her first attempt on her life.

Aiming a pistol at her heart, she pulled the trigger. But it pulled hard and the bullet missed the vital organ, penetrating her lung. Nevertheless, under ordinary circumstances she would have died but, as usual, her queer luck intervened. Rushed into the emergency ward of a hospital at dead of night she could only expect the rather unskilled attentions of one of the youthful medical school graduates who must learn their profession in that way.

It happened that just at this moment Professor Roux, a noted gun-shot specialist made famous by his work in the great war, was washing up after an operation on a wealthy patient. Seeing that this was a critical case, the specialist took charge and with his exceptional skill was able to pull her through. Even so the wound still pains her during damp weather.

During her convalescence the actress decided that she must not die just then because her invalid mother had developed strange pains in her stomach which the doctors feared might call for an operation and expensive treatment. They operated, but the patient was no better, so the daughter threw herself into her work to make money enough to pay for the mother's care. She was a hit in many productions herself, but, for some reason, the shows themselves never lasted long.

At last came her great chance. She was co-starred at the Moulin de Chanson, with Marie Dubas, now star of the Casino de Paris. The hit of the performance was a skit holding up to ridicule the Legion of Honor. Claudia Victrix, an actress who was the wife of M. Jean Sarpene, politician and director of Le Matin, had just been given the Legion of Honor. As the decent people of France could think of no good reason but many bad ones why this particular woman should be thus honored, there was general indignation.

When Paule played the part of Claudia, in the skit, they flocked to the theatre, giving the little playlet and its star an ovation. But their joy was shortlived. If Claudia had pull enough to get that decoration she had enough to stop a rival actress from spoiling her triumph. S. M. Chiappe, prefect of police, was sent to look the skit over. He ordered it so mutilated that it had no point at all, the disappointed audiences ceased coming and soon the show closed. The actors, thrown out of work, sent M. Chiappe a bloodstained pair of shears with a message to the effect that with them he had murdered a great hit.

For three years Mlle. Launay struggled along, denying herself everything in order to provide for her mother seven operations and continuous nursing. The one bright spot came when she had made another hit, without anything that the authorities could object to. This was ruined by the idiotic behavior of the Bolsheviks in stoning her and causing the play to close. That calamity, together with the death of her friend Fursy and the hopeless condition of her mother, was too much to bear. Getting hold of a large quantity of gardenal, a new and deadly drug, she locked herself in her little room in a hotel, after putting up a sign stating that she had gone away for a few days.

Like many another would-be suicide, Paule took too much, causing vomiting. Mme. Claire Guitton, a trained nurse, who lived across the corridor, heard the sound of retching, caused the door to be broken in and again the actress was saved.

Discharged from the hospital, she took up her work only to see her mother grow worse and both of them get into debt. The third and last suicidal impulse came after she had watched a transfusion of blood operation on the older woman. She obtained a new supply of gardenal, but knowing that the nurse would be suspicious, wandered out one evening to the Cataracts of the Bois de Boulogne where nobody could hear her, in case there should be nausea again.

She planned well but as usual fate would not have it and sent M. Baron, a medical student suffering from insomnia, who stumbled over her unconscious form in time to cheat death again.

This time Paule was nursed back to life by Mlle. Oleo, the beautiful brunette Cuban artiste. It is Mlle. Oleo who must be given credit for instilling in the unfortunate Mlle. Launay the will to live and prosper.

Jean Rossignol, son of the wealthy owner of several stone quarries outside of Paris, is the man who, reading of the girl's endless misfortunes, took her for a ride in his car, with the intention of offering assistance and persuading her to abandon the idea of suicide. He succeeded to his own sorrow and that of many others, in a way he had little dreamed.

Today Mlle. Launay lives with her mother in a miserable eighth-floor garret in Rue Pierre-Guerin, Auteuil. Free from the pessimistic, fatalistic philosophy of the morbid authors and poets whose books she burned, she is facing life with new courage—the courage born of despair. No longer does she brood over the nothingness of life, the cruelty of nature, the physical and moral ills that crush humanity. Now she has adopted a new philosophy and resolutely looks life in the face with this song in her heart:

"All living things are created only to give us pleasure."

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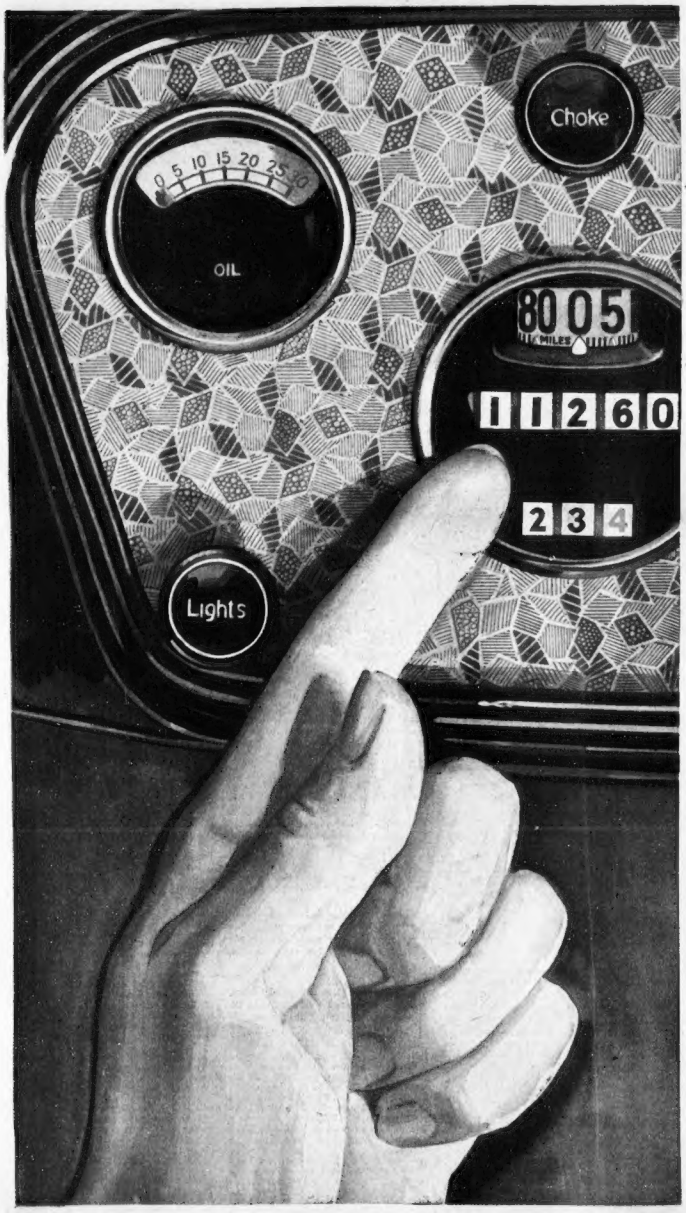

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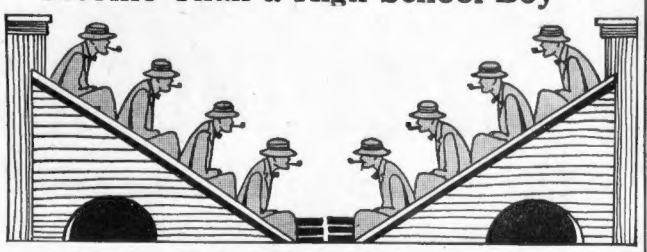
American College Education Largely "Hokum?"

Professor Lawrence, Dean of the University of Minnesota, at a Convention of Educators Frankly Confesses That the College Graduate Has No Better Prospect of Earning a Big Income Than a High School Boy

Five of the Makers of the Largest Fortunes in the United States—*Not One of Them Had a College Education.* 1—The Late Thomas A. Edison. 2—Henry Ford. 3—The Late Andrew Carnegie. 4—Charles M. Schwab, Ex-Czar of the Steel Interests. 5—John D. Rockefeller, Sr.



Somewhat Cynical Drawing From a Brown University Undergraduate Magazine. It Is Captioned at the Left, "Brown Cheering Section," and at the Right, "Yale Cheering Section," and Beneath It Is the Caption, "Our Artist's Conception of the 'Individuality' Moulded at the Universities. The Same Drawing Would Do for Any Other Colleges." —An Undergraduate Impression That All the Colleges Turn Out a Similarly Stamped Student, Just Like a Machine.

—And to Left—Miss Louise Ridgway of the University of Kansas Being Enthusiastically Acclaimed by Her Fellow Students as the "Most Perfect Man"—an Achievement in a Typical Collegiate Contest Having Little to Do With Practical Considerations.

"He could talk a streak in ancient Greek,
He learned Hebrew, Shebrew, all psychology,
Syntax, tin tacks, paleontology,
Just because they said he was
A derned, learned scientific man."
Old College Song.

PROFESSOR J. C. LAWRENCE, Dean of the University of Minnesota, recently startled most of the country by stating in a public speech that American college education is mostly "hokum." Probably the only persons who were not astonished were men who had been through college, and even the majority of these hadn't realized it. A synonym for hokum is bunk or buncombe.

Until that disillusioning speech almost nobody disputed that giving a boy four years in an institution of higher learning gave him a great advantage over the boy who went to work as soon as he was graduated from high school.

Fathers and mothers scrimped and slaved, happily certain that their sacrifices were making the young man a present the equivalent of a considerable fortune. It was much better than leaving a fortune to him in cash or securities because these might be lost, while their son's educated head could never be separated from his shoulders and would earn him dividends till he died.

True, there were college graduates who never amounted to anything, but these were easily explained away on the theory that either they had not really studied in college or were too lazy to apply their knowledge later.

There was another group of annoying exceptions. Men like Rockefeller, Carnegie, Schwab, Ford and Edison, who had neither time nor money for college and yet somehow outstripped everybody to become the country's outstanding successes. They were not so easy to account for and had to be labelled "exceptions which prove the rule." They said so themselves, lamenting how much further they might have gone but for the lack of those priceless years in college.

To some it seemed almost providential that they had missed that advantage, otherwise these giants almost certainly would have hogged all the wealth in the world.

The great men sincerely believed this notion which Prof. Lawrence has questioned, and they proved their sincerity by endowing colleges. Carnegie went around dotting the country with free libraries. It is rare, indeed, to find an uneducated man, rich or poor, who is not convinced that lack of education blighted his career and the first thing he does is plan that his son shall not suffer from the same shortcomings.

One of the most pathetic figures in America is the big selfmade, uneducated man, listening with awe to his learned college son and yet wondering wistfully why he can't learn the old man's business.

The doubts raised by these exceptions were neatly swept away in 1904 when, according to Dean Lawrence, two geniuses in the art of hokum compiled statistics comparing a lot of college graduates with a similar number who had gone to work right after high school. In later life the college boys were found to be making considerably more money than the mere high school graduates. Analysis of "Who's Who in America" revealed that college men preponderated in the arts and sciences. Their education seemed obvious. A college education, besides the culture and prestige that went with it, paid dividends in business as well as the arts and sciences. It seemed as certain as that it pays the farmer to fertilize his soil.

"Hokum!" says Dean Lawrence. It proved nothing of the sort, merely the well-known fact that intelligent persons average to succeed better in their undertakings than do those who are not so intelligent.

College, like high and grammar school, calling for promotions every year, is a form of intelligence test, a weeding out of the morons who come to the limit of their intellectual capacity to learn at various stages. College continues the process of survival of the mentally fittest four years beyond high school. College men who are superior are so not because of what they have learned in college, but because they had the intellectual capacity to learn it, which means that when they get into business or profession they have the capacity to learn that or anything else quickly and succeed rapidly.

To find out if there is any cash value in a college education one should compare college graduates not with an equal number of high school graduates picked hit-or-miss but with those who have been intelligent enough to win four years business promotions in the first four years. This has now been done and reveals that the boot of financial success is on the high school foot. The college graduate averages to make less, not more money, than the high school graduate of equal intelligence.

Many people confuse learning with intelligence. A moron, that is, a person of low intelligence, cannot absorb much education, but an uneducated man may be of high intelligence whose learning applies mostly to his business.

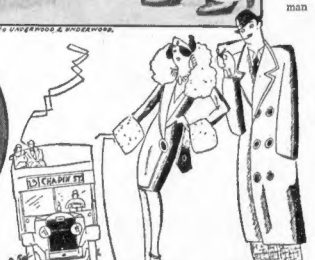
It is not hard to understand that intimate knowledge of the "dead-and-ought-to-be-buried" languages is of no great cash value to the superintendent of a steel or cement mill, a hat factory or a lumber yard, but the average man gets no more money and much less fun out of learning trigonometry and algebra than the ukulele.

In spite of its hokum, college education must have some cash value. The college boy starts work four years later than his equally intelligent high school rival, yet the figures, covering 19 years, show that during that time he averages to have come within about $104 a year of the income of the equally intelligent boy who never went to college.

Mr. Edward Rotan of the Sheffield Scientific School of Texas, Who at the End of His Schooling Was Tagged as the "Most to Be Admired," "Most Versatile," "Most Likely to Succeed," and "Most Popular"—and It Will Be Interesting to Observe How Great a Financial Success Mr. Rotan Makes After All These Honors.

PHOTO UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

Dean J. C. Lawrence of the University of Minnesota, Who Raises the Question of How Much "Hokum" Is in the American College Education.



From the "Notre Dame Juggler"—Another Touch of Cynicism. The Girl Says, "Why Did Jim leave college? Was his eye-sight impaired?" And the Boy Says, "No, he had the bad luck to break one of his ukulele fingers."

Having disposed of what Professor Lawrence calls the "fairy tale that college has anything to do with income" he revealed more hokum in higher education. Nobody ever pretended that all a college has to sell is the ability to make more money. There is the culture which the four years undoubtedly give and which cannot be valued in dollars.

"There again we have been purveyors of hokum," said the Dean, "because we have the natural desire, every one of us, to be an aristocrat, to stand apart from his fellow men, with marks of aristocracy upon us. We want the marks of aristocracy and our educators have said, 'We will provide them without effort. Get on our elevator and we will take you up.'

"The interesting thing is the conviction which we have put into the mind of the ordinary man or woman, the belief on his part that it does not make any difference what he has done, or what he carries inside his head, if he can walk across that platform, with the spotlight on him, walk past the President, and receive that grant of nobility—that evidence that he has been exposed to culture—then and therefore he is a better or nobler man than his neighbor who hasn't such a certificate.

"The conception of aristocracy has been modified by our countrymen. In European countries, the only way to be an aristocrat was that you must be nobly born—an aristocrat is one who is set apart from the rest of mankind by birth, by something entirely outside of himself.

"You move an aristocrat across the English Channel and circumstances alter aristocrats as well as other things. A good Scotchman, if he is a good distiller, may become a peer; a good English brewer may become a peer—we refer to it as the 'beerage,' you know. The Oxford dictionary recognizes the adequacy of these conditions and defines an aristocrat as one who 'by birth or fortune' is set apart.

"When we got this country, we brought the definition of England to Virginia. We had a very serious problem as to how to get on top and say we were the cream of the country. We had just one thing—we printed the dictionary, and that was a great help. Because, you go out in the ball and look in the American Standard Dictionary, and you see, 'An aristocrat is one who by birth, fortune, or culture, is one set apart.'

"You and I are the adherers of those schoolmasters who set out to put over the hokum of aristocracy."

Dean Lawrence compares the hokum of selling Americans the idea that somehow a college diploma sets one apart as an intellectual aristocrat with the thrifty work of a Scotch trader who induced the King of one of the Fiji Islands to part with a tray full of priceless pearls in return for a second-hand silk hat. The trader sold His Majesty the idea that the King of England and other great sovereigns wore a shiny "topper" on all state occasions and therefore this slightly used "stove-pipe" would make him their equal and set him above all his subjects in a particular class by himself.

Professor Lawrence is not the only authority who has criticised the American University system and the "learned fools" it sometimes turned out. Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, youthful president of the University of Chicago, has recently revised that institution's entire system in order to meet this complaint.

According to the American college system which Dr. Hutchins says has not been changed in two hundred years, a boy is deemed fit to receive his diploma when he has received a certain number of credit marks from recitations and examinations. The way this works out is that a student, having passed his freshman courses, can comfortably forget them, and no questions asked, as soon as he is promoted to sophomore year. Professor Lawrence compares this passing of subjects with a man who has passed through an important town on a railroad train and has the stub of his ticket to prove it.

It would take superhuman foresight to select the best possible courses with a view to the future. The world changes so fast that what is precious knowledge today, may, on account of a war or invention, become obsolete tomorrow. Therefore, Dr. Hutchins considers what a collegian learns of small consequence compared with his getting a general grasp of things and learning how to think straight.

In the new system he is permitted to elect as he pleases and can attend classes or cut them almost at will, but there are provisions against his graduating as an ignoramus. He must pass tests that are not made up nor examined by the instructors but by a special board which aims to determine whether or not he seems able to see the problems of life in general.

"Drunkenness is a bad thing. Prohibition forbids the sale of intoxicating beverages, therefore it would be a good thing."

Some people, including the late President Wilson, who had been a college president, were able to see into that proposition far enough to predict some of the evils that would follow, but Congress, though supposedly composed of average intelligence, overrode his veto. If college does not teach a youth to see through the specious arguments of demagogues, Dr. Hutchins does not think the four years are doing him enough good to justify the expenditure of time and money. He would be more useful to the community working at some trade. To learn, parrot-like, a lot of facts, is not much value unless one has also learned how to interpret them.

When an ignorant man stands on a soap box to advocate some wrong idea, he is not dangerous because his hearers realize his ignorance and suspect that he does not know what he is talking about. But when a college man, full of "college words," takes the stump to urge something destructive he is dangerous because his audience, recognizing the signs of education, tend to take him seriously. Unless they weigh his arguments with great care there is no reason to suspect that the orator is only a learned fool, promoting a fallacy because he cannot think straight.

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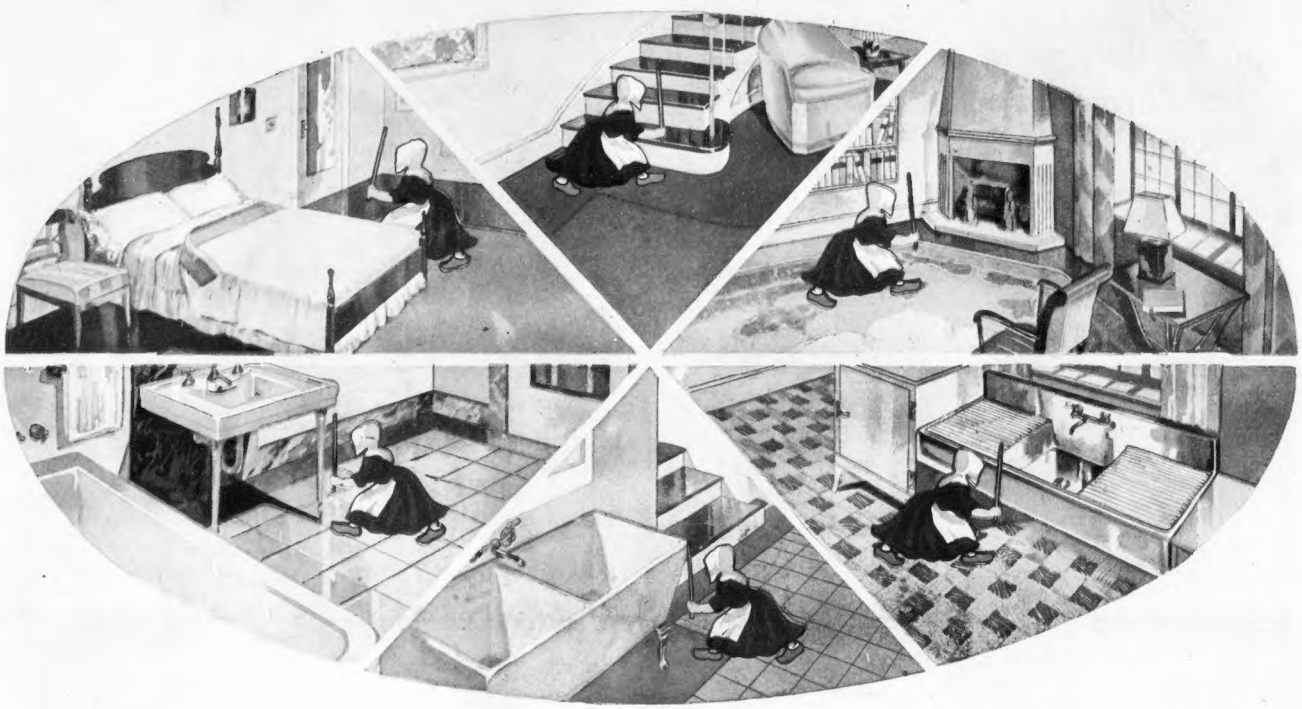

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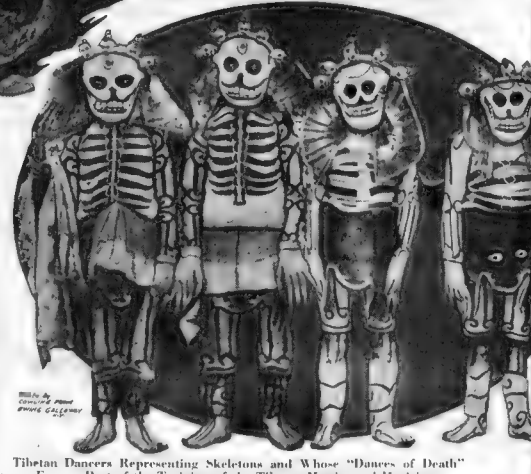
Surprising Performances of the Tibetan "Mystics"

A French Woman Explorer Describes How They Live Naked in Zero Temperatures by "Generating Their Own Heat," Run Incredible Distances Without Rest, Food or Drink, Talk to Each Other Many Miles Apart—But, If They Do, Science Doesn't Believe There Is Any "Magic" About It

A Devil Dancer, Who, by Acquiring the Ability to Practice "Lung-Gom," Is Able to Dance for Days and Nights Without Rest, or Cover Great Distances Without Stopping for Rest, Food or Drink, Madame David-Neel Says.



Tibetan Dancers Representing Skeletons and Whose "Dances of Death" Form a Part of the Training of the Tibetan Mystics and Magicians.

A Tibetan "Mystic" Standing Naked Among the Snows of the Himalayas and in a Temperature Far Below Freezing, an Accomplishment Which Madame David-Neel Says Takes Years to Learn and Whose Success Depends Upon the Practitioner's Ability to "Generate His Own Heat in His Own Body From His Food, Like the Bees."

(From "With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet," by Madame Alexandra David-Neel. Reprinted by Permission of the Publishers.)

LONDON, Sept. 2.

THE Hindu fakirs spend years in learning how to lie on beds of sharp nails, or in hanging head down from a cross-bar until the muscles and bones of their legs become paralyzed and fixed in that position, and nobody has ever found any useful purpose in these and other equally extraordinary performances. But in Tibet this same rigorous training is directed toward at least something comparatively sensible, according to Mme Alexandra David-Neel, a Frenchwoman, who has spent fourteen years in Tibet, part of the time as a Buddhist nun, or "lady-lama."

In a recently published book, "With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet," she describes some of these "mystics" as being able to travel incredible distances in equally incredible time, running for days and nights without rest, sleep, food or drink. Others can raise their body temperature until they can live naked but warm in snow and ice and zero temperatures, she says. Others can hold conversations with persons many miles away. Mme. David-Neel even asserts that some lave become so adept that they can float in air and walk on water, and tells of a peculiarly unpleasant ceremony in which corpses are brought to life and the "mystic" dances with them.

Lung-gom is the name of the training which enables its adepts to take long journeys with surprising rapidity and to dance for days and nights without rest. The lamas ascribe this gift to the ability to keep up a steady pace for days and nights without stopping for rest, sleep, food or drink. Thus the practicer of lung-gom is able to cover in a few days a distance which would take an ordinary traveler a month to cover on horseback.

Mme. David-Neel even saw one of these lama-lung-gom-pas, as they are called.

"My son, Yongden, and I were riding leisurely across a wide tableland," writes Mme. David-Neel, "when I noticed, far away in front of us, a moving black spot which my field-glasses showed to be a man. I noticed that the man proceeded at an unusual gait, with an extraordinary swiftness.

"'It looks like a lama-lung-gom-pa,' said my man. 'Your reverence will not stop the lama nor speak to him. This would certainly kill him. These lamas, when traveling, must not break their meditation. The god who is in them escapes, if they cease to repeat the prayers, and when thus leaving them before the proper time, he shakes them so hard that they die.'

"By the time he had nearly reached us I could clearly see his perfectly calm face and wide open eyes with their gaze fixed on some invisible far-distant object situated somewhere high up in space. The man did not run. He seemed to lift himself from the ground, proceeding by leaps. It looked as if he had been endowed with the elasticity of a ball that rebounded each time his feet touched the ground. His steps had the regularity of a pendulum. He wore the usual monastic robe and toga, both rather ragged.

"We followed him for about two miles, then he left the track, climbed a steep slope and disappeared in the mountain range which edged the steppe. From inquiries I made I found that the lama must have tramped a whole night and day at about the same speed before I saw him."

The experts undergo a long training for this practice in which rythmical breathing is an important part. The walker must neither speak nor look from side to side. He must keep his eyes fixed on a distant object. Wide desert spaces, flat ground and evening twilight are favorable conditions for the practice. He does not eat nor drink while practicing lung-gom, according to Mme. David-Neel.

The adept passes into a state of trance. From her own experience the author states that a kind of anesthesia deadens the sensations that would be produced by knocking against the stones or other objects on the way, and one walks for hour at an unaccustomed speed, enjoying that kind of light, agreeable dizziness well-known to motorists at high speed.

To spend the Winter in a cave amid the snows at an altitude between 11,000 and 18,800 feet, clad in a thin garment or even naked, and escape freezing is a somewhat difficult achievement. Yet many Tibetan "mystics" go safely each year through this ordeal, according to Mme. David-Neel.

A Lama Beginning a "Magic" Rite. Dressed as a Goddess. From "Mystics and Magicians in Tibet." Photographed by Madame David-Neel.

Madame Alexandra David-Neel, the Only European Woman Who Has the Rank of a Lama and Who Has Spent 14 Years in Tibet.

Their endurance is ascribed to the power to generate "tumo." This word signifies heat in Tibetan mystic terminology. In order to acquire tumo the candidate must be skilled in the various practices connected with breathing, be capable of perfect concentration of mind, "going so far as the trance in which thoughts become visualized." Mme. David-Neel acquired a certain degree of tumo, she says.

The venerable lama who instructed her told her to go to a lonely spot, to bathe there in an icy mountain stream and then, without drying her body or putting on her clothes, to spend the night motionless and in meditation. The altitude of the place, about 10,000 feet, made the night rather chilly and she was astonished to find that she did not catch cold.

Once initiated, one must renounce all fur and woollen clothing and never approach the fire to warm oneself. The regular candidates for tumo train at an altitude well above 10,000 feet. A novice begins his training each day before dawn and finishes the special exercises relating to tumo before sunrise. The work must be done in the open and one must be either naked or clothed in a single cotton garments. The training always combines prolonged retention of the breath and visualization of fire. This, Mme. David-Neel thinks, amounts to auto-suggestion.

The training of the tumo students concludes with a sort of examination. Upon a frosty Winter night those who think themselves capable of enduring the test are led to the shore of a river or lake. If all the streams are frozen in the region, a hole is made in the ice. A moonlight night with a hard wind is chosen. The neophytes sit on the ground, erect, legged and naked.

Sheets are dipped in the icy water, each man wraps himself in one of them and must dry it on his body. As soon as a sheet becomes dry, it is again dipped in the water and placed on the novice's body to be dried as before. The operation goes on until daybreak. Then he who has dried the greatest number of sheets is acknowledged the winner of the competition. It is said that some dry as many as forty sheets in one night.

When they are beginning the training the feeling of increasing heat only lasts while the exercises are going on. But with those students who have persisted in the training for many years the production of heat becomes a natural function of the organism which works all by itself as soon as the weather becomes cold. Besides drying wet sheets on one's body, there exist various other tests to ascertain the degree of heat which the neophyte is able to radiate. One of these tests is sitting in the snow. The quantity of snow melted under the man and the distance of the snow melted around him are taken as measures of his ability.

Mme. David-Neel asserts that of her own knowledge hermits do live naked or wearing one single thin garment during the whole Winter in the very high altitudes of Tibet. She even took a photograph of one. In connection with the subject of tumo, it is interesting to recall the well known fact that the bees can generate heat from sugar. Sometimes an angry hive of bees will reach a temperature of 160 degrees and burn themselves to death.

The Tibetan mystic and his disciple may live miles apart but they are able to communicate with one another by talking on the wind," says Madame David-Neel. This practice is apparently similar to what is known as "telepathy" among western nations. The Tibetans assert that telepathy is a science which can be learned by those who have the proper teaching and are fit instruments to put the theory into practice. Various ways are mentioned for the acquisition of telepathic power, but Tibetan adepts are unanimous in ascribing the cause of the power to an intense concentration of thought. The part of the conscious "receiver," always ready to vibrate at the subconscious [illegible] is considered almost as difficult as that of the sender. To begin with, the intended receiver must have "tuned" with the one from whom he expects messages.

The student of telepathy sits with his master in a silent and darkened room, the thoughts of both being concentrated on the same object. At the end of a given period, the student tell his teacher the phases of his meditation and these are compared with those of his master. Concordances and discrepancies are noticed.

Now stopping as far as he can the activity of his mind, emptying it of all ideas and mental representations, the novice watches the thoughts which arise involuntarily and unexpectedly in him without being apparently linked with his present pre-occupations and feelings. He notes the images which appear. And again at the end of the meditation, thoughts and images are made known to the teacher who says whether or not they correspond to those he mentally suggested to his disciple.

Then the master sends mental orders to his disciple, while the latter is a short distance from him. If these are duly received and the student answers by acting accordingly, the exercises continue, the distance between master and disciple being gradually increased.

The phenomena described by Mme. David-Neel are surprising and almost beyond belief, but she has a high reputation and shows every evidence of desiring to be a truthful and [illegible] observer.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

King Zog's Comic Opera Kingdom

Thinks All Ladies Ought to Admire Him, but Had His Royal Face Slapped by One Who Didn't, Picks a Beauty Prize Winner but Can't Find Her, Wounded Eight Times by Jilted Lovers or Deserted Husbands, Topsy-Turvy Life in the Palace Where His Sister Cooks His Meals to Save Him From Being Poisoned

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TIRANA, Albania, Aug. 23

NOWHERE, except on the comic opera stage, could the fantastic things happen which are a part of everyday life in the curious little Balkan kingdom, Albania. King Ahmed Zog or Zogu or Zogue, as his name is spelt in various civilized countries of the world, became the ruler of this wild country four years ago. Zog was a bandit chief of the mountains and expects sooner or later that a knife or a pistol bullet will end his picturesque career.

The 2,000 vendettas already sworn against the life of the Albanian King became 2,001 the other day. A young man, Serge Holbein, came into Tirana, the capital, from lower Albania, stood on the steps of a church and solemnly swore to take the life of his King. The story that the young man told later reveals one of a dozen extraordinary episodes in the astonishing career of Ahmed Zog.

And, while the King has his palace watched by armed and trusted followers, he dares eat nothing that has not been cooked for him by his own sister—if he escapes knife or bullet, some one of his enemies may get him with a dose of poison. But there is a comic as well as a tragic side to the life of His Royal Highness, as developed in an amusing episode recently.

While thirty thousand adoring Albanian maidens pine for a chance to stroke their handsome King's hair and experience some of the royal love-making for which he has gained quite a reputation, the black-eyed young monarch has fallen head over heels in love with an American girl. He does not even know her name.

And King Zog has no cause to feel happy about it. For one thing, he has never seen the girl except in a photograph a practical joker placed on his desk. For another, she is four thousand miles away, probably unaware of his existence, and not likely to fall for his charms even if he could persuade her to visit his kingdom.

It all started some weeks ago when Ahmed Zog began to look around for some new charmer to brighten his days as ruler of his wild little Balkan kingdom. His love of pretty women is an inheritance of the reckless days just after the war when he was a dashing brigand in the hills of Mati, since which time he has rarely been without some feminine comforter.

Hitherto Zog has stipulated only beauty in his women, not caring what their nationality or status in life might be as long as their faces were pretty, their figures shapely and their husbands or lovers prevented from wreaking revenge. Vienna was his happy hunting ground, for in the night clubs and the theatres of the Austrian capital were some of the most beautiful and most willing ladies Europe had to offer.

In Vienna King Zog found Alla, the rhumba dancer whose daring performance in scanty clothes has thrilled night club patrons from all over the world. The young monarch walked on to the dance floor to congratulate her when she first appeared before him, they had supper together, and Alla took the train for Albania with a royal admirer some days later. She returned after three months, a little angry at her dismissal, but mollified by a check for a substantial amount.

Bee Jackson, the American girl recently voted the prettiest woman in Austria, next attracted his attention, and Zog is said to have made to her a proposal similar to that accepted by Alla. Miss Jackson retorted, she afterwards said, by "giving him a great big biff on the nose. How dare he!"

Apparently Vienna and its women suddenly ceased to attract the King, and he began to look around his own country for feminine talent to entertain him. Save for a few theatres in the bigger cities, like Tirana, Albania is singularly short of places of amusement, and there were not many cafes or restaurants where Zog was likely to find scantily clad dancers. After some weeks of search for pretty chorines, the King's couriers returned with disappointing reports, and Zog faced the prospect of living a lonely life if he did not once more look abroad for his lady friends.

Just when he was preparing to journey to Vienna again, however, one of his court officials had a great idea. He suggested the organization of a grand native beauty contest to find the most beautiful Albanian woman.

"Everyone will participate if it is known that the King will take a personal interest in the judging," he said, "and the winner will assuredly be someone to interest your Majesty."

Zog was delighted, and preparations for the great contest went ahead at full speed. Letters containing photos of girls from all parts of Albania began to pour into the capital, and a gang of officials sifted the ugly from the pretty as quickly as they could. After weeks of hard work, the selection was narrowed down to two hundred girls, and photos of these were sent to the palace for the King's final selection.

The judging was an easy task. Only one of the two hundred had any of the qualities Zog admired in women. The Albanian girls are rather dark, swarthy and eastern in appearance, and the king desired someone who was tall serene, and fair.

One photo answered to the requirements, and one photo only. Zog was enraptured with it, so much enraptured that he made his decision right away, had the girl in the photo declared winner of the competition and sent instructions for her to be brought to him without delay. He had fallen in love

Albanian undercover agents went to work to find the beauty queen. She had entered her photo under the nom-de-plume of "Ilisa," and her address in Tirana the agents found to be the offices of an Albanian firm who act as representatives for an American travel agency.

No, said the agency employes, they had no girl so pretty as the beauty contest winner in their offices; all their girls were Albanians. "But wait a minute," said one, who had been to New York some months before, "I think I've seen this girl before. Yes—what's her name? UNSA? Oh, yes, I see. UNSA—United States of America"

The officials carried their tale to Zog. The prize winner was evidently some American girl by Alla. Miss Jackson entered the photograph while in Albania, using the initials of her country as a nom de plume and the travel agency through which she was making her journey as her address. The young King gave instructions that the girl should be traced and introduced to him.

"I have always pined to meet an American beauty—one like I have seen on the films," he said. "Perhaps at last I shall get my dream. Perhaps this wonderful American will learn to love me and remain with me."

Unfortunately, it seemed that the girl had never been in the country at all. At least, there was no record of an American of her description crossing the border, the travel agency said they had not had her as a client, and rumors began to go around that she was an actress of some repute in New York. The more frantically lovesick Zog and his officials searched, the more plain it became that they had been victims of a little practical joke.

Photograph of American Girl Which Was Slipped Into the Beauty Contest Pictures Laid Before King Zog. His Majesty Picked This Girl as Prize Winner, but Never Could Locate Her.

Panoramic View From the Sea of the Albanian Seaport Durazzo and Showing Mountain Wilderness in the Background.

Lord Granville Gordon, Went on a Hunting Expedition in the Mountains of Albania and a Few Days Later the British Consul in Scutari Found an Ear Which He Took the Left Ear of Some Distinguished Countryman, With a Demand for $20,000 Ransom or His Lordship's Right Ear Would Also Be Forwarded

Miss Bee Jackson, American Cabaret Dancer, Who Is Said to Have Slapped King Zog's Royal Face as an Answer to His Proposal to Come and Visit Him in His Palace in Albania.

Realizing that, whoever she was, she would hardly travel four thousand miles to see him just because he had fallen in love with her, and that she would not act as did his European loves even if she did make the journey, His Majesty has resigned himself to a life without her. But as a method of soothing his aching heart, the handsome young King is personally directing operations to find the joker who played such a scurvy trick upon him, and woe betide him when he is found.

One reason why His Majesty had no reason to suppose that the charming American girl, whoever she was, would be likely to risk coming to Albania, was the fact that the old and repeated history of Albanian brigands is well known the world over. George Bowen de Long and Robert Jarvis Coleman, two wealthy American tourists, were shot to death from ambush in a gloomy wooded district. The brigands had dropped a large tree across the road to compel the Americans' motor car to stop. As soon as the automobile halted, a volley was fired and Coleman and De Long fell dead. Under very similar circumstances Signor Tellini, a distinguished Italian, and several companions were shot down by mountaineer brigands

Miss Gertrude Robinson, of Yorkshire, England, was seized by brigands near the Albanian border, but managed to get the man drunk who was assigned to guard her, and she escaped. But Lord Granville Gordon, brother of the Marquis of Huntley, did not have such good luck. He was a daring sportsman and explorer, and ventured into the interior of Albania in spite of many warnings.

Two days later, as the British Consul in Scutari sat down at his desk, he found a note in native language telling him to send $20,000 at once to ransom Lord Granville Gordon or the unfortunate traveler would be mutilated. But the British Consul was a little slow, and the following morning he was shocked to find on his desk a long curved Albanian knife, called a "yatagban," with its point transfixing a severed human ear.

Again the bandits had sent a note, this time promising to send His Lordship's other ear unless the ransom was paid instantly.

The British Consul made no further delay, but hustled the $20,000 out to the spot indicated by the bandit chief who had signed the letter, and His Lordship was released without further mutilation.

King Zog knew perfectly well that these and many other exploits of his countrymen were known to the civilized world, and he was not so vain as to suppose that the lure of the royal favor would tempt any sensible American girl to risk a visit to him.

Meanwhile, the King is somewhat distressed by the threats against his life by young Serge Holbein, whose recent oath of vendetta has already been mentioned. Holbein claims that the King enticed a village girl's love away from him while Zog was still a bull bandit after the war, carried her up to the hills and had her killed after he had tired of her. A village priest backs up his story, and tells how Zog and his troop of bandits swept down from the hills of Mati and, captured a little town in the valley and forced all the girls of the village to parade before them.

Even at that time, it seems, the young King had a sharp eye for feminine charms, and was determined that only the best should satisfy him. More than a dozen girls from the neighborhood, the most beautiful, the smallest to the tallest, the youngest and the oldest, paraded, giggling, before him.

Zog eyed them seriously, strode up and down the line pinching the cheeks of the prettiest and speaking with them. The priest declares the bandit appeared to lay almost as much stress upon the charm of the girl's voice and her conversation as he did upon her facial and bodily beauty. Finally, almost at the end of the line, he came upon Rosea Calgara, beauty of the village and affianced sweetheart of Serge Holbein.

Rosea's fickleness as an international spy, her depression, and Rosea joked the flashing eyes and handsome men of Ahmed Zog—liked them much better than the stalwart qualities of Serge Holbein. She smiled; Zog smiled, and the two went off to her mother's house to chat. They might even have done more than that, for some hours later Rosea went to the village priest and fell sobbing into his arms.

Probably her love had made her businesslike. She told the priest Zog wanted her to go away with him, but she had refused to go unless he married her. The story of what follows shows distinctly that even monarchs do foolish things in their youth.

"Zog had followed Rosea," said the priest, "and anxiously he asked me what was the matter. I told him. He looked at the girl sobbing in my arms, sighed and said, 'Very well, marry me to her quickly.'" The girl was amazed and delighted at her success, and the following day she returned with Zog to the hills as his wife

As some recompense for this regrettable lapse into matrimony, Zog is said to have forgotten pretty little Rosea about twice as soon as he usually did. The next thing her deserted lover, Holbein, heard was that she had been cast aside for another woman and later stabbed to death in a quarrel. Holbein went away to Yugoslavia, worked for a time in that country, and returned a few weeks ago to his own country

"This is my first act since returning to Albania," he declared as he swore the oath of vendetta against his King "From this moment my one aim in life will be to kill the man who shamed my love and is now shaming his country in the same way."

He vanished into the crowd before police could detain him, and a special lookout is being kept for him at the palace. But this is not the first time that Zog has had to face serious threats from assassins. He has now been wounded eight times while filling his official duties in Albania—and only once has his attacker proved to be a political enemy. The others were jilted lovers or deserted husbands whose sweethearts and wives the royal Don Juan had stolen

By far the most serious menace to Zog's safety came from Bairam Tsuri, a bandit as daredevil, as handsome and as fickle as the King ever was. Tsuri hated the black-haired monarch with all the hatred of a rival thwarted at every turn by someone more brilliant, and for ten years the two fought against each other, intrigued against each other, and finally fought it out in an exciting hand to hand duel that ended in Tsuri's death.

The vendetta began when Tsuri plundered Zog's unprotected village in the hills ten years ago. The King had revived the old "besa" code of the hills. According to the ancient rite of the brigands, women, young boys, priests, and men accompanied by women were protected by a "besa" while travelling through bandit territory and could not be harmed

Using this protection, Tsuri travelled to Zog's village with a woman while the brigands were away on a raid. Seizing a feeble relative of Zog, Tsuri tortured him until left him dying in a hut with a message pinned to his breast: "Vendetta. Bairam Tsuri."

According to the queer ritual of the brigands Ahmed Zog took the oath of vendetta against Tsuri, vowed never to rest until he had killed him, and the chase that lasted ten years began. It was not until three years later that Zog and Tsuri came together again, for the killer had planned his escape well.

The King by that time was climbing up the local political ladder to power in the Albanian government, and Tsuri had gained some influence as a leader of rebels against the new regime. Both were pursuing their hobbies, and in a comparatively small town like Tirana it is not surprising that both of them should have fallen in love with the same girl, a sloe-eyed beauty whose father was Yssuf, a hoary old warrior suspected of intriguing with Yugoslavia to capture the country.

The girl favored Zog's suit because he was of her own religion, a Moslem, while Tsuri remained an orthodox Christian; but her father was not so much troubled by these little niceties He preferred Tsuri and his band of rebels to a representative of the government

Zog at this time had taken to white ties, tail coats and after-dinner speeches, and had apparently become so respectable as to consider one more venture into the matrimonial swamps. Or maybe he didn't, and it was all a plot to deceive old Yssuf. At any rate, palace officials maintain that Zog did approach the old warrior and ask permission to marry his daughter. Permission was refused, and even though rebellion against the government was growing stronger each day, Zog planned to fly from Tirana with the girl and get married.

He never had time to attempt it. Tsuri's rebels rose, the government was overturned, and Zog found himself on trial for high treason. He was first of all sentenced to death, but this was later reduced to banishment. Given twenty-four hours to leave the country, the ex-brigand fled in 1924 to Yugoslavia and marked up another notch against his enemy.

He was back again two years later with an army at his back, and Tsuri and his rebels capitulated after fighting Enraged at the news that Yssuf's daughter had committed suicide, Zog ordered a nation-wide search to be begun for Tsuri, whom he held responsible for the girl's death

Stories differ about the duel which followed Tsuri's capture. The representative of an American oil company in Tirana maintains that it was fought with swords in the courtyard of the palace, and gave the following description of the meeting

"The atmosphere on that early morning in the courtyard at Tirana was about the tensest within my memory. I was one of three foreigners invited to see the conflict, an Englishman and a Frenchman accompanying me. Tsuri was still in a room in the palace when we arrived, but his seconds were conferring with Zog's aides.

"With all the theatrical suddenness of a Turkman melodrama a trumpet blared from somewhere over in the barracks and Bairam Tsuri strode out into the yard. Minutes later came Ahmed Zog, resplendent in a blue and red uniform of the guards. Neither of the duelists glanced at each other, neither spoke. The air was grim, tense, filled with foreboding. And then that trumpet came again, the seconds marched forward, shook hands, and gave place to Tsuri and Zog, bared to the waist, swords in their hands, poised.

"The Englishman whispered that Tsuri was about the finest swordsman he had ever seen, but I knew Zog could do his stuff. As the handkerchief dropped we settled down to watch the fiercest, savagest battle I have ever seen. They were both quick, both supple, both strong of wrist I heard afterwards that a new lover of Zog was watching anxiously from the window. If she was, she saw one of the handsomest duelists it was possible to see.

"For ten minutes they leapt lightly over the stones, feinting and guarding against dangerous thrusts. Tsuri was glowering, Zog grinning—both breathing heavily. Once Tsuri stumbled, and Zog waited for him to recover, and the rebel appeared to mutter his thanks. It seemed that the one who had the strongest lungs was going to win the battle, for every thrust was parried

"But suddenly Zog had done a emedial thing. He made a lightning lunge for Tsuri's chest, allowed his own guard to be pierced and seemed likely to succumb to a terrible thrust from his adversary. Well, I don't know much about fencing, but it looked a good ruse to me. As Tsuri sent his sword straight for Zog's breast he found a bare arm there instead, taking the weapon up in the air, and thrusting his own straight for Bairam Tsuri.

"The wound that Ahmed Zog received in taking off that rapier to open up for the death thrust cut his flesh to the bone and has, I believe, left him half-paralyzed in the left arm. Yet he was laughing and joking while a doctor tended him"

Time and again Albanian officials have denied that such a duel ever took place, yet scores of subjects and these three foreign witnesses are ready to take their oath of the sickening fighting of the King and his enemy in the duel to end the vendetta.

Strange stories come out of the palace these days about Zog's relations with his sister. With a sheeplike faith in the gullibility of mankind, denials daily come forth that there is any bad feeling between the two. And yet it is an undoubted fact that the royal Princess of Albania has succumbed to an old family failing, indulged in love affairs with men beneath her station—and liked it. King Zog doesn't. He thinks it is humiliating, and he clapped his sister's first lover —a lieutenant in the local army—into the cells The Princess promptly went off to Vienna and postured with more daring than clothing before the night club crowds until her brother capitulated and reinstated her lover.

Now the Princess herself has sent the lieutenant to the cells, and during the past few weeks quite a number of good-looking commoners have taken his place. It seems that an Austrian dance band leader has had most success with the Princess, although he has found it necessary to add his whole troupe of saxophonists, trumpeters and other players to his own somewhat ordinary charms. Zog fumes at what he terms his sister's "typical feminine absurdity," but is afraid to complain openly in case the Princess should walk out on him again and disgrace his throne by dancing in even more scanty costume than before

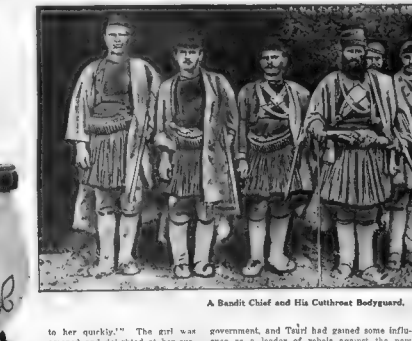
What Zog is really afraid of is that she would take herself off to Tirana and write those memoirs of hers she has so often talked about The Princess has seen more than anyone else—save the King himself—of the strange things that go on inside the palace walls. She has seen playthings come and go with the rapidity of French cabinets, has seen her brother's strange antics at play—and his stranger, and rarer, antics at work. She could write a rare tale, and she has often threatened to. The day she does the world will know Zog has roundly disapproved of her latest lover.

Another thing worrying the king is the matrimonial situation in Rumania. He is hoping that Madame Saveno Dimitrest, the Rumanian saloonkeeper's daughter who married Prince Nicholas and caused a break with his brother, King Carol, would soon tire of her royal hubby

Nicholas had a romantic motor ride outside Bucharest some time back, on which he met his beautiful bride. Madame Saveno was sitting sobbing on the footboard of a wrecked motor car, and the young Rumanian Prince proceeded to comfort her as only Balkan Princes can

The amazing thing is that he eventually married her, and a semi-official wedding feast was held in Bucharest. It was at this feast that the famous Irwin Sisters, the dancers, performed and attracted the attention of the newly-wed Nicholas. Madame Saveno was angry when she saw him invite the girls over for a little chat,

Continued on Page 20



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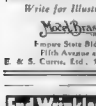

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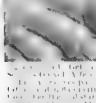

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Colors hair inside where nature does

The Beret From Paris

By Sally Elliott Allen

A Modern Cinderella Finds Happiness at the Rainbow's End

(Continued from Front Page)

"Look here," Tad said. "You're a very nice man and you have a good head and I like you a lot. If you're willing to take the chance of my liking you less instead of more, I'm willing to be engaged."

cakes, girl, it isn't seventeen you were last May Day?"

"Yes, sir! And you never noticed! You were so awfully busy down the Loire that I couldn't remind you until it was so long after that it seemed—well, tactless, you know. I met the day in the Chateau and discovered that Marie Le Corbeau was just seventeen when she came there to live. If I were a child, after a while you grow up. And then everything is grand again. I used to get furious when you went off into yourself that way. But I've learned to wait. And aren't you worth waiting for, though, Jim darlin'!"

"You poor small thing!" He sat down in front of her and put his big hand on her knee with a gesture so tender and protective that she choked all at once and then laughed at herself, and mussed up his grizzled curls impudently.

If his look did not lose a certain sternness, his mouth set hard, and he stood up again. "I'm out for an errand, Tad. I should have done it long since."

She jumped down and hurried to the wardrobe for his coat and hat and twisted a muffler about his throat, then she dived into a shabby black coat and was too small for her and dragged a tight little cap over her curls. "Allons, enfants de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrives," she chanted.

He stopped at the door. She was putting the chocolate cup behind the screen and opening the long French windows an inch for ventilation.

"But you aren't coming this time, Tad."

"You'll have to throw a stone at me, then." She tucked her hand in his arm and they went down the wide, curving steps together.

The plump Madame in the bureau smiled at them. "Bon jour, M'sieu and M'selle. But what weather! Frightful, is it not?"

"But it will make beautiful tomorrow, Madame, I believe it. Bon jour." Tad smiled back and they went out, still arm in arm. She chatted gaily as they walked down the narrow, cobbled street, but her father answered in monosyllables, and she sighed a little, laying his silence to Mesopotamia again. It had looked as if it were going to be one of her days.

Finally he stopped in front of an arched stone doorway. "I'm going in here for a few moments, darlin'. You wait over there in the park."

Rather wistfully she watched him go up the long stairway, then she crossed the street idly and waited a long hour, crouching on the stone edge of the round pool where, in the Summer, the children sail their toy boats, marching up and down the graveled path beneath the neat rows of bare plane trees or sitting on a hard, damp seat, her arms huddled about her as she tried to keep warm. Finally she saw him coming, and ran to meet him, struggling to keep her teeth from chattering as she caught his arm. He looked down at her strangely, as if seeing her for the first time after a long absence. Then he put his hand over hers.

"Tad, darlin', you're cold."

Something in his voice hurt her. "Not so very, Jim."

He felt of her coat sleeve. "Your coat's too thin. I'm going to get you something warmer. We'll take a taxi to Madame Blenot's."

She gasped at the princely extravagance. "Why, Jim, there's a Metro station right over there——" But the expression of his face silenced her, and she looked up at him anxiously.

He drew himself up then and smiled reassurance back at her. "We are now," he announced grandly, "going on a bat, and blame the expense. We'll buy you a cloak or something, and then go to Boudet's and have a chateaubriand verts pres, and then go to La Comedie Francaise."

"Oh, Jim!" She gave a childlike skip beside him. "I'm so glad I grumbled this afternoon. You're always heavenly after I grumble. It's a great temptation to do it oftener."

"If you did it often, I'd never notice. Here's the taxi. Climb into the lap of luxury, now, and stay there."

At Madame Blenot's he inspected the rather meagre display of coats very critically. "They all make you look either like a little girl, or like a little girl playing she's grown up. I want something that has—er—dignity."

Tad crinkled her eyes at him. "Perhaps high heels are what I need, as you have said, to give me tallness," she said, speaking in French.

"Tallness!" The Madame plunged suddenly into a deep chest, emerged triumphantly with a black broadcloth cape of no known style, and laid it with a dramatic gesture across Tad's shoulders, where it lay smoothly and draped itself in graceful lines down below her skirt's hem. "Behold! Material of what fineness! A true style of personality! And it makes mademoiselle of a height!" Her hands flew up as if little Tad had become the Eiffel Tower in altitude.

Jim Clancy's big hand caressed the heavy broadcloth. "I like that. Do you know, Celeste used to wear one something like that when I first knew her."

Tad's lips lifted indulgently at the corners, and she nodded at Madame Blenot. "We take it, you see," she said.

"And a new hat also, is it not so, M'sieu? Truly, the old hat and new mantle are not as it should be together?"

Tad hesitated, tempted. "Well, I have always simply hankered for a velvet beret, Jim."

Madame hastened to a case and brought out a box of them, chattering loudly of their merits while Tad smoothed the velvet of each and her father watched her face.

"This one's sweet. Only it's probably the most expensive," she sighed.

"But a treasure——" Madame began.

"How much for the both of them, then?" Jim Clancy drew out his battered purse decisively and counted out the money. "I do believe you look like a grown lady now, Tad."

And to Tad's surprise, he stooped and kissed her gravely on the lips before the eyes of the court below, which had nothing in it that should have set such pain and terror deep in his eyes. "Have you been lonesome sometimes, Tad?" But it was not her past lonesomeness that his look was dwelling upon.

"Never, never, my friend," her cheery voice reached him. "Except of course," she added honestly in English, "when you get buried three stories deep in a job of work. But then I read, and turn handsprings with Leopold, and after a while you come up. And then everything is grand again. I used to get furious when you went off into yourself that way. But I've learned to wait. And aren't you worth waiting for, though, Jim darlin'!"

"You poor small thing!" He sat down in front of her and put his big hand on her knee with a gesture so tender and protective that she choked all at once and then laughed at herself, and mussed up his grizzled curls impudently.

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Tad crinkled her eyes at him.

ing to talk about?" She gave an anticipatory wriggle. "Look here, Jim, couldn't I have me a good chance, that last task, to say what I thought about freedom of the will. Now then. If your old determinism was true, it would work, wouldn't it, now?" She put her head on one side, cuddling her knees. "It doesn't. There's a catch in it somewhere. Because if I acted as if I believed it, I'd make such a fool of myself."

Her father put out his hand and laid it on her small, bare foot "Not free will tonight, lassie."

"Oh." Her voice dropped regretfully. "All right. How about the play? Do you think I owe—don't have to tell her husband, now, or just had a lover alongside, like?"

His heavy brows drew together. "And what do you think?"

Tad reflected, wrinkling her nose. "Well, I do hate sneaking. But he couldn't she have liked a bit her choosing by the one she had picked, now? Seemed to me—"

Her father chuckled suddenly, watching her earnest face. "You're a monogamist, all right. You come by it naturally, Celeste and I never wanted to look at any one else after we found each other. I'm not worried about that for you."

"Oh." Tad looked surprised. "Are you worried about something for me, then?"

His eyes looked past her into the darkness that hovered so close behind her small, lit face. "You might pick a bad one to stick to, Tad."

Tad smiled at him warmly. "You'll help me pick, Jim."

His hand closed so hard on her foot, it hurt her, and there was a silence she suddenly knew was full of a terrifying meaning. Finally he spoke and her own contracted as she heard him pushing his voice out through tightened cords.

"Tad, I've got to tell you. There's no use putting it off. Steady now, Tad darlin'."

Her body stiffened, her breath leaving her queerly, and her eyes clung to his.

"I've been having that pain a lot lately and kept trying to think it meant nothing special. But I saw a good doctor today and—and he says it's without doubt cancer and gone too far to operate; that it's a matter of—of months."

She was sinking beneath dark waters and there was no hand to cling to. Down, down—"Steady, Tad darlin'. Have yourself in hand." The voice reached her. A voice was not solid, but what it said, yes, she could cling to that.

(Continued on Page 19)

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Glover's More Than Removes—it CHECKS this Unsightly Condition!

Dandruff, remember, is a dried excretion from glands IN the scalp that are not functioning normally. It causes the hair to thin out, fall out and lose its lustre. Baldness often results

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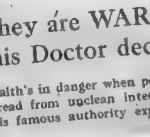

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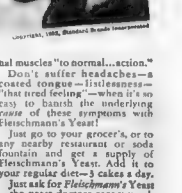
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

Look out for HEADACHES!

DR. VITTORIO PUCCINELLI, of Rome, Italy, is one of the best known physicians in Europe. He is the head of two important hospitals, and is a noted medical teacher.

They are WARNINGS, this Doctor declares!

Health's in danger when poisons spread from unclean intestines, this famous authority explains.



WHAT does a headache mean? Frequently just one thing... *Constipation!*

If you doubt that, read this statement by one of the foremost medical experts in Europe, Dr. Puccinelli, director of famous clinics in Rome and Florence, Italy. *He says:*—

"Poisons . . . from an unclean intestinal tract cause . . . headaches, bad breath, loss of energy . . . general loss of vitality.

"It is really very easy to correct this trouble," he states—*with fresh yeast!*

Fresh yeast, explains Dr. Puccinelli, softens the food residues in the intestines, "so that they can be expelled easily." It also strengthens the weak intestinal muscles "to normal...action."

Don't suffer headaches—a coated tongue—listlessness—"that tired feeling"—when it's so easy to banish the underlying *cause* of these symptoms with Fleischmann's Yeast!

Just go to your grocer's, or to any nearby restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast. Add it to your regular diet—3 cakes a day.

Just ask for *Fleischmann's* Yeast—the yeast doctors recommend. It's rich in vitamins B, G and D. Directions are on the label.

"I had a headache constantly," writes Miss Patsy Ahearn, of St. Louis. "A doctor had recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to a friend. I started it... The headaches and sluggish feeling disappeared."

Fleischmann's Yeast is a Health Food

thousands eat—3 Cakes a Day

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So you think you saved money that way?

"Listen—please listen well...

"It isn't that I want to lecture you, daughter, or try to seem wise—you know I'm not that way—but this is oh! so important for your health and happiness. There are lots of ways in which you can save in what you pay for things—lots of extravagances you can be economical about when you're buying . . . but be careful—very careful, about food! Food products, like most other things, can always be made to sell for a bit less, if the manufacturer is willing to sacrifice quality for the sake of price.

"There are some foods, you know, for which the price *can't* be made less than it has been reduced to, without the quality being lowered accordingly—especially so with such *inexpensive*, regular foods, as [illegible]roni and spaghetti. I happen to know that the few pennies difference in price between the package you just brought home and the brand I use, are mostly a matter of the quality of the ingredients and the care in manufacturing and packing.

"Ever since you can remember, you know you've always been well, and bright and energetic—haven't you? Well, that's because I've always been careful about the quality of the food I bought. I had to be economical—yes, but that never did mean buying cheap quality food. The total difference in price amounts to *so* little anyway, even when counted up for a whole year at a time!

"Since you were the age of Junior here, the macaroni and spaghetti and egg noodles you loved to eat, were Mueller's, and I *never* found a single package all that time that varied in the slightest degree. It's never been any problem for me to get your Dad, or you, or your brothers to eat Mueller's, whichever way I served it. It's *always* so appetizing—so deliciously light and fluffy and tender. And I've never had any trouble with the digestion of any of you—have I? Of *course* not, and if you want Fred and Junior to really enjoy eating their food and keep physically fit and mentally bright, stick to known highest quality, like Mueller's, when it comes to Macaroni Products.

"Oh, and by the way, just see the difference, in how Mueller's cooks up, as compared with the cheaper brand you bought today. Notice, not only how much better Mueller's looks and tastes, but also how much *more* it cooks up to! So you see it really is easy to understand *why* more people choose Mueller's than any other brand!"

MUELLER'S is "quik-dried"

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The only way you can prevent perspiration stains [illegible] *is to prevent the perspiration itself.* Odorono is a doctor's own prescription [illegible] *does* prevent it, harmlessly and safely.

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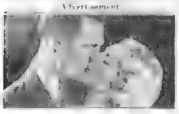

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[illegible] teeth are not natural. [illegible] dental cream on [illegible] In 3 days your [illegible] whiter! [illegible] known—[illegible] debris, [illegible] While [illegible] millions of germs that [illegible] mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles. Thus the mouth and teeth are quickly cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury.

Now if you want gleaming white teeth, free from decay, and firm pink gums free from disease start using Kolynos, with its unique Dry-Brush Technique. You'll never regret it. Buy a tube today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

As Ronald Passed Into the Club Reading Room and Sat Down With a Paper, the Few Members Who Had Dropped in on Their Way to Work Began Talking About Something Else.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A [illegible] jewels and bar-gold is cached in a secret hiding place by Henry Callater, amazing English swindler, before he is sentenced to prison. The key to the location of the hoard is contained in a signet ring which Callater entrusts to his daughter, Aileen, [illegible] that he will [illegible] the ring.

Ronald Channet, Aileen's fiance, urges her to marry him at once, but she refuses to do so until the stolen jewels are restored and her father's creditors repaid.

[illegible] finding the [illegible] Augustus Malmesbury [illegible] a [illegible] art collector [illegible].

Winterbourne secures the signet ring and finds the seal to be a microscopic lantern slide chart.

The art collector accomplishes Callater's escape and then claims [illegible] of Scotland Yard to the spot, the corpse has vanished.

A series of letters and notes signed with Callater's left thumb print seem to indicate he is alive and working through the unwilling Malmesbury. Ronald tracks the [illegible] housekeeper, Mrs. Caughtway [illegible].

The [illegible] hiding place of the [illegible] in the garden of Malmesbury's estate, The Laurels, where Callater was staying just before his arrest. Winterbourne finds this out and purchases the estate from Malmesbury.

Aileen goes to see if Mrs. Caughtway is her father and disappears [illegible].

Winterbourne [illegible] a truck load [illegible] from the garden [illegible] and informs [illegible] they were seized by [illegible] Callater wires [illegible] jewels and a truck [illegible] is [illegible] to Scotland Yard.

Malmesbury [illegible] Aileen is in danger from her father.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Malmesbury Calls.

WITH a heavy heart Ronald prepared for bed. As he was about to turn off the light there came from the sitting room the faint tinkle of the telephone.

At once sleepiness was banished and he hurried to the sitting room.

It was Malmesbury's voice that answered him.

"Oh, my dear Channet, I am terribly sorry to disturb you at this time of night. But a most important development has taken place."

"What?" demanded Ronald.

"In re the subject of our discussion today—the young lady—I do not care to particularize on the telephone. I am speaking from the flat above. May I come down and see you?"

"All right."

"Just a minute. Don't cut off. You will understand, Channet, that I was just about myself to get into bed.

"I shall be—er deshabille."

With an exclamation of disgust Ronald banged down the receiver and a minute or so later went to answer the door.

Tortured with anxiety as he was, Ronald was yet hard put to suppress his laughter as Malmesbury appeared. He was wearing a long, yellow dressing-gown, bedroom boots made of fur, silk pajamas, striped and of a juvenile hue, while upon his head was, incredibly, a nightcap.

"Channet!" exclaimed Malmesbury as if they two had met on a desert island after shipwreck. "Let me come in, my dear fellow." This, though Ronald offered no opposition. "We must talk. We must settle something. I am at my wits' end. Shut the door. No one can hear us in this flat. No, I am sure of it. Your sitting room! Ah! Immediately over mine, though of course I have three extra rooms. There is a depressing uniformity in the matter of flats, do you not think?"

Ronald took no notice of all this. He shut the door, sat down and lit a cigarette.

"May I sit down?" asked Malmesbury. "Ah! Channet, I am coming straight to the point. You will guess that I have heard from none other than Callater himself."

Ronald nodded wearily.

"I have first to confess, Channet, that this afternoon when we were talking in my office I was guilty of sustaining—er—ah—a pious deception. In spite of my affection for that dear young lady, I did not confide in you my inmost fears. I did not tell you that I feared her father had some sinister purpose in tricking her—and I use the word 'tricking' advisedly, Channet—in tricking her into coming away with him and then, as I believe, imprisoning her. I did not tell you that I, knowing him as well as I do know him, Channet, have not always believed in the genuineness of his affection for his daughter. It was not for the pleasure of her society that he took her away—it was because in some way that neither you nor I know, she had become dangerous to him."

"Well?" grunted Channet.

"Well?" echoed Malmesbury. "My worst fears are justified. Callater, speaking to me on the telephone a few minutes ago—in his rough way, said: 'My daughter is out to queer my pitch and you may as well know it now.'"

"Look here!" cried Ronald, his nerves on edge. "You're not going to tell me that he has—murdered her?"

"No. No. I blame myself, Channet, for having aroused that suspicion. But since you have mentioned it, there is no doubt—no doubt at all — that something of the kind may well happen — unless we take immediate action. In fact though I would rather tear my tongue out than say it—unless we accept Callater's terms."

"What are they?"

"He has made me his messenger — his cat's-paw," murmured Malmesbury. "And for that I will never forgive him. Channet, I am compelled to put a question to you which no honorable man would care to ask."

Ronald clenched his teeth. There was no means of dealing with Malmesbury without enduring his mannerisms.

"Go on, for Heaven's sake!"

"Do you love Miss Callater more than your career?"

Ronald started. There was an odd echo of Winterbourne's words at their meeting in the afternoon.

"Are you going to suggest that I should marry her by special license and then go and live on a desert island?" he demanded.

The effect of these words on Malmesbury was startling. Beyond doubt he was taken off his guard. He clutched at the side of his armchair and the night cap wiggled ludicrously.

"That is uncanny—positively uncanny!" he mouthed. "Tell me, Channet, are you psychic? Can you read thoughts?"

"It hardly matters. Is that what Callater's patter boils down to?"

"His—ah—patter? Ah, yes! His actual words were—you understand I quote them in all diffidence, Channet—his actual words were: 'If that young nincompoop of hers loves her enough to take her away out of the country and if they'll both keep their mouths shut until I say they can open them I am willing to draw on the reserve and to pay their rent for them.'"

"Did he mention the whereabouts of this particular desert island on which we are to be marooned?" asked Ronald.

"Desert island! Ah, there telepathy fails. There was no mention of a desert island."

"What does he mean by 'out of the country' then?"

"He was specific," announced Malmesbury. "He had in mind, not a desert island, my dear fellow, but Nicaragua."

Nicaragua! The da Nostas' headquarters! It was too striking to be a mere coincidence.

"We had better have the whole yarn," he said with an assumption of indifference. He had found that he could be rude, if he liked, to both Winterbourne and Malmesbury and thereby occasionally relieve his feelings.

"Really, Channet, I do not know how I can bring myself to go on. He had the audacity to propose that you should put yourself entirely in his hands. If you accept this astounding proposition—and I would not for the world counsel you one way or the other—you would make the voyage alone. On arrival at the appointed town—if indeed such a country can be said to possess a town—you would either meet Miss Callater there or very shortly be joined by her."

"Ha! What's to prevent our taking the next boat back?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Malmesbury and shook his head sadly. "I am afraid Callater is too wise a bird to be caught with a little pinch of salt on his tail. He said that certain papers would be planted on you. 'Plant,' I understand, is a slang expression much used in the crooked world. It would seem to mean the foisting of evidence of guilt upon an innocent person. In this case the foisting would not be literal. You would be required to sign certain documents which would appear to involve you in certain criminal transactions in regard to company formations. If you were to attempt to leave the country before Callater wished it—or if you or she were to send to England the information she now possesses—you would at once be arrested by the civil authorities. As long as you—ah—obeyed orders you would be utterly unmolested."

"And live on bananas, I suppose?"

"I am glad you mentioned that point," said Malmesbury gravely. "To my surprise I find that Callater is in possession of very considerable funds. He assures me that five thousand dollars will be paid to you for preliminary expenses and on arrival sums will be deposited in the national bank in trust, sufficient to allow you an income of ten thousand dollars per annum."

"And what about the marriage license part of the program?"

Again Malmesbury looked at him with something of alarm.

"It is very strange that you should have taken that thought from my mind."

I didn't. I got it from Winterbourne. He advised me to propose almost exactly this stunt to you. He spotted it was your only way out except murder."

Ever so little Malmesbury bridled but he was not jerked out of his role.

"I think Callater regards Mr. Winterbourne as a—ah—negligible factor," he said largely. "The idea is that you should yourself obtain a special license and marry on [illegible] in a private house chosen by Callater at—ah—your earliest convenience."

For a moment Ronald was silent.

"You can't marry a woman with a gag in her mouth. What is to prevent Miss Callater giving the whole show away as soon as she sees me? There'd be no need for the Nicaragua stunt then, as far as we are concerned, would there?"

Malmesbury smiled benignly.

"Need we do Callater's thinking for him, my dear Channet? But there, I can see that you regard the whole proposition as fantastic. Perhaps the wisest course would be to return no reply."

Ronald did not take long to think it over. There flashed to his mind Callater's escape, Callater's successful running of the gauntlet of all the organized forces of society. Behind Callater was money, organization, utter unscrupulousness and — Malmesbury. Whatever they were doing Aileen somehow or other stood in their way and there could be no doubt that they would find means of removing her.

And here was one which at least would not injure her person.

"I am not going to have Miss Callater coerced into marrying me," he jerked. "I've got to be assured that she will do that part of it at any rate, of her own free will."

"I could put that point forward if you wish—in the event of Callater telephoning me again," offered Malmesbury.

Ronald laughed outright.

"What an amazing chap is Callater!" he exclaimed. "He rings you up, has a hefty conversation with you on the telephone—apparently not caring a hoot whether Scotland Yard is listening in or not. If you put a note on your dressing-table or some such place, Malmesbury, I don't think it will give Callater any difficulty to deliver it to his daughter."

"Upon my word, I agree!" said Malmesbury profoundly. "I would not care to put a limit to that man's perverted resourcefulness."

He had risen and the fur boots were shuffling across the room towards the door but with a quick movement Ronald intercepted him.

"Understand this, Malmesbury. I haven't any proof of anything and I don't want it. But if Miss Callater is found dead or is driven out of her mind, I shall walk up to you in broad daylight and shoot you—and stand over your dead body until the police come to arrest me."

"My dear Channet!" protested Malmesbury in horror. "It is open to me to take a very severe view of those words. But there." The fleshy features were wreathed in an all-enveloping smile. "I don't think my worst enemy has ever called me thin-skinned. I do not seek offense where none is intended. All the same I am seriously alarmed, my dear fellow. Your nerves are on edge — you have been burning the candle at both ends. You are over-wrought — you will get no sleep. Now do let me send you down a little bromide."

"All right!" snapped Ronald. "In ten minutes—and your man can take back the note."

"Don't bother to see me out, I beg. I can manage perfectly well." The smooth, fatuous voice continued to babble pleasantries whilst Ronald sat down to write.

He began an impetuous letter to Aileen, then remembering that some of the gang would be sure to read it, tore it up and began afresh.

"Dear Aileen," he wrote. "Whoever is holding you prisoner will have given you some version of the stunt by which you and I are to marry by special license and go and live in Nicaragua or some equally mad spot.

"It occurs to me that you will probably refuse, knowing that there will not be much chance of a career for me if I leave London for a period of years.

"There is no getting over this—but equally there is no getting over the fact that there is now going to be no career for me. How do you imagine I can devote myself to my work if I am wondering what has happened to you, and perpetually fearing the worst?

"You will inevitably have received so many shocks that one more could hardly make your condition worse. I think it more than probable that if we do not fall in with their plans these people will murder you.

"As others will inevitably read this I prefer not to dwell on the personal side of this question. I simply urge you to consent as I believe it will be the best thing for us both. I shall, however, take no action until they have brought me a note from you.

"Yours,

"RONALD CHANNET."

He had finished and sealed the envelope before Malmesbury's butler knocked on the door and gravely handed him the bottle of bromide for his nerves.

He gave him the note with unnecessary instructions to hand it at once to Malmesbury, then went back to bed.

On the following morning, after reflecting that Scotland Yard were probably watching him as Orton had declared they would, he called on the latter and reported his conversation with Malmesbury.

"I suppose," he concluded, "that they will in due course give me a lot of directions about getting into taxis at the corners of streets and so on, so it's up to you fellows to shadow me to wherever I'm going to be married."

There came the official superior smile that Ronald cordially disliked.

"Shadowing! Sounds very easy, doesn't it!" said the detective. "As a matter of fact, it's of practically no use when the subject knows he is being followed. For instance, you may as well know—Malmesbury knows it already—that last night our fellows followed that butler of his, who was going to deliver your note to Miss Callater. The butler had shaken 'em off in ten minutes."

"I take it you're tapping his telephone?" suggested Ronald. "You didn't hear this wonderful stuff about Nicaragua, I suppose, by any chance?"

"If Callater had really stayed long enough on the telephone to say all that," answered Orton, "we could have arrested him before he hung up the receiver."

Ronald felt vaguely dissatisfied.

"And if I go through with this stunt—can't you people butt in at any stage?"

"If you want a truthful answer, I don't think we can," replied the detective. "They know every move we can make and obviously they have made their plans to counter it." There was a moment's silence and then: "At any rate, we can probably pick you up in Nicaragua," he concluded and with that Ronald had to be content.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Newspapers Comment.

RONALD had called at Scotland Yard immediately after breakfast — and over breakfast he had resolutely refused to look at the morning papers. There would be a lot of unintentional raving about the Callater treasure — and there would probably be some impertinent stuff about Aileen.

As he walked along the Embankment in the direction of his club his resistance to the news of the day first weakened, then collapsed. There was not a headline that did not feature the Callater case. The Record as usual shrieked loudest—with a letter from Callater. It was the biggest sensation of recent times. Snatches of conversation which he overheard made it seem that every kind of man and woman was talking of Callater to the exclusion of everything else.

It was the same at the club—with the difference that, as he passed into the club reading room and sat down with a paper, the few members who had dropped in on their way to work began talking with unnecessary loudness about something else. It was kindly meant, but it failed of its intention. He knew they were all thinking it was rough luck on him to be engaged to Callater's daughter.

On its front page the Record printed a large studio photograph of Callater, taken before his trial.

Beneath the photograph was the letter printed in thick type, which read as follows:

"Dear Sir, I feel that you will be willing to extend to me once more the hospitality of your columns for the purpose of sending a message to my friends, whom I think I may number by the hundred thousand if not by the million.

"To my friends I have this to say: By the time you are reading these few lines of mine you will have been made aware that yesterday afternoon I caused to be taken to Scotland Yard, through the medium of Mr. Augustus Malmesbury of Bedford Row, a truck containing the proceeds of numerous burglaries which, as I stated at the time of my trial, I had from time to time bought from those who had taken possession of them.

"Some of you may ask why I have made this apparent surrender when no intimation has as yet come from the Government that they are willing to accept my terms. But those of you who have been watching the game closely these last few days will see that it is not a surrender at all. Can any honest man say that he believes I could not have sold these goods at least as easily as I could have sold them had I not been compelled to endure the farce of being sent to prison? Let me say at once that I returned them for two reasons. One—that I had come to realize that in many cases individual hardship would be suffered through the loss of heirlooms and treasured possessions and so forth. The other—before I quit dear old England for good I want to leave behind me tangible proof that I sincerely desired to deal with the Government in no niggling spirit.

"A word about Mr. Malmesbury. As I mentioned on a previous occasion (thanks to the courtesy of the editors of the Daily Record), this gentleman showed himself so deaf to a very moderate claim made on the strength of lifelong friendship, that I did not scruple in my own desperate hour

(Continued on Page 18)

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"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days, then, if satisfied, pay us. If not, don't pay a cent.

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FILM ON TEETH IS DANGEROUS!

just look at film under this microscope!

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.

This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth.

1. A species of *Lactobacilli* now held responsible for tooth decay by many authorities.
2. A species of *Streptococcus Pyogenes* that lives in the blood stream and causes serious infection.

YOU don't need a microscope to pick out film-stained teeth. The naked eye can't miss them for film is ugly and disgusting.

But where the naked eye sees ugliness the microscope sees danger. Magnify film 1000 times and then look carefully. You will see living germs of many kinds—from those linked with skin infections to those associated with pneumonia. But look especially at those rod-shaped ones in pairs and groups—*Lactobacilli* is their scientific Latin name.

Destroyers of lovely teeth

Lactobacilli are the "germs of tooth decay". They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

Lactobacilli appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a single tooth may easily contain one million living organisms. The only way of destroying germs on teeth science accepts is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film-removing properties of their toothpaste

A new discovery

Now these scientific laboratories have developed a new and revolutionary material for removing ugly film and polishing tooth enamel

It is radically different from any found in other toothpastes, different in composition and in action

Some toothpastes remove film with materials so hard that they scratch enamel. But the new materials in Pepsodent is *soft*—twice as soft as the material commonly used in dentifrices. In addition to its softness, this new discovery shows extraordinary power in removing stubborn film and giving brilliant polish.

This new cleansing and polishing material is contained in Pepsodent *exclusively*. It sets a new standard in effectiveness and brings the ultimate in safety. Pepsodent Toothpaste is known in the United States and 67 foreign countries as the *safe*—and special "film-removing" toothpaste

FREE Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

THE never-ending demand of the public for souvenirs from its favorite radio artists is being met by the Pepsodent Company with two jig-saw puzzles. The first pictures one of the high spots in the lives of Amos 'n' Andy.

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Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is pressed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. Each will be sent to anyone who writes his name on an empty Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mails it with the coupon below.

Send one empty box for each puzzle and be sure to name the one you want

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I enclose empty Pepsodent carton for which please send me one Jig-saw Puzzle of

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USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 15)

of need to play on him the trick of concealing myself in the least likely of all places on earth—namely, in his own household. But Malmesbury himself, if he is honest, will admit that I was never one to shirk a risk in the work—even a full friend I have kept red of fact on his head by publishing the fact that—though neglectfully been of great use to me—he has not, of human frailty, helped me out of a tight corner, nor since his escape. I have returned the goods through him solely because he has amongst papers of mine a will which will enable the majority of the goods to be returned to their rightful owner. He does not know he has this list. Let me now tell him that it is in an envelope marked 'Charities—Miscellaneous.'

"As to the balance of my reserves—I refer to my extensive holding of bullion—I have this to say, and this only: The next move is not with me.

"For the rest, I feel you would like me to add that I am now in comparatively comfortable circumstances. The loneliness, which the narrow departmental attitude of the Government has thrust upon me, has been relieved by my dear daughter, who has forsaken everything as a protest against the treatment meted out against her old father.

"This is all I have to say to my friends for the moment. To you, sir, I enclose a covering note.

"With renewed thanks for your chivalry to one whom you once regarded as a formidable professional rival, I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY CALLATER."

Beneath the letter was an editorial note explaining that with the above letter was another, which read as follows:

"Dear Sir, I am warned by my doctor that it will necessarily be several months before I can hope to have full use of my right hand. In the meantime I am making progress with the left, with which this letter is signed. Attached, as before, is my thumb print, but I shall not again use this tedious and messy means of identifying myself—since my left handwriting can now be filed for reference."

Ronald turned disgustedly from the letter.

"The bit about Aileen is a lie, anyway!" he muttered.

There was an account of the "mysterious" arrival of the truck in Bedford Row. A headline caught his eye.

"Mr. Malmesbury's Predicament."

There was not much in it, he decided, as his eye traveled rapidly down the column. The writer showed too keen a sense of the possibility of a libel action.

"So great, in fact, was Mr. Malmesbury's dread of the reappearance of his one-time friend that he sold The Laurels and at the same time vacated his maisonnette in Bayswater and moved into a furnished flat, which, by a curious coincidence, happened to be situated immediately over that of Miss Callater's fiance. One can imagine his mortification at discovering that Callater, in the person of Mrs. Caughtway, moved with him."

Presently Ronald dropped the Record and turned to the other papers. He was gratified to find that none of them made much of Aileen's disappearance. Each of them seemed to take it for granted that he had gone of her own free will and the latter journals openly applauded her for doing so out of loyalty and affection for her father.

All the papers, too, with one notable exception, took it for granted that Callater was in possession of the gold. The very word gold seemed to hypnotize them. In spite of the warnings they might have received from their city editors they encouraged the general inference that, possessing the gold, Callater, though an outcast, was once more a rich man.

The Sentinel alone took a different line. "Who'll Buy Mr. Gold?" it asked in a humorous article in a whimsical "Callater's Big Problem!"

"There seem to be a great many people who think that all that Callater need now do is to pack the million or so of bullion neatly in brown paper, slip part the Customs with it, and live happily ever after wards in some foreign clime.

"As to the actual theory, the trait itself was to be lighter in weight and smaller in bulk, but would also be a great deal more readily disposable currency than Callater's gold bars.

"It would seem unlikely that Callater will deposit the gold in the vaults of the Bank of England and so put the authorities to credit his current account. There remain two resources. The trade—that is, gold artificers, jewelers and so on—who are no more likely to deal with Callater than the Bank of England. There remain financial agents of foreign powers. As the sale would be illegal, not much hope can be entertained in this quarter.

"It would be impossible for Callater to sell the gold in England,' said the representative of a foreign house in an interview yesterday. 'It would be equally impossible anywhere in Western Europe. Indeed if the gold were offered nowhere else but in Callater, the representative assumed, 'it depends upon Callater's resources. If he could load it on to an ocean-going steamer, the situation would be different. Many small countries gamble heavily in gold—buying and selling with such recklessness as frequently to affect the market. In this connection one thinks at once of Nicaragua.'

"As the idea of Callater being able to load the gold on to an ocean-going steamer without the authorities becoming aware of his action, may be dismissed as absurd, we may take it that the sole effect of Callater's picturesque raid with armed gunmen has been to transfer the gold from one hiding place to another—where it is likely to remain."

Ronald laid down the paper and found his thoughts running on the problem of the gold itself.

"It's not in another hiding place—it's in the same hiding place," ran his thoughts. "The Laurels. Rursus!"

He took out the chart and looked at it again. There was the word Rursus written in the corner. The rest was a rough drawing like a military map. Why write down the word Rursus? It apparently had nothing to do with the pit where the deed-boxes were buried, except as a measuring point. It wasn't as if the place had ever been known as Rursus.

There was, of course, a suggestion that the word itself had something to do with the treasure. He wrote it down and looked at it. Then he wrote it in capital letters with one space between each letter. R U R S U S.

Looked at like that, it would seem to be a queer word. Six letters, each occurring twice. Just the kind of word that would be used as the key in a puzzle. He wrote down the various figures on the chart. He tried putting them in juxtaposition with the letters and at the end of half an hour had produced nothing intelligible. The letters were dancing before his eyes, pairing and repairing themselves, setting to partners in a wild mathematical chaos.

"This word is getting on my nerves!" he muttered. "On Callater's, too, apparently. Why should he chip it away?" Had he really chipped the letters away on the tomb of the Hangman—or had it been a mere flourish on Malmesbury's part? He dismissed the subject but it cropped up again in his conscious mind.

"Might just as well have another look at it." The journey would at least furnish an excuse for getting out of London for the day and without further ado he took a taxi to the garage and started off in the roadster.

Arrived at the Laurels, Ronald drove up to the house and knocked on the door. Receiving no answer, he made his way through the garden to the estate. The flood lights still stood by the pit that had been dug for the purpose of camouflaging the real work. Round the pit the ground was torn up by the wheels of the trucks. No one was about.

He passed along to the second pit beyond the knoll. More wheel tracks but no sign of a tarpaulin. Allowing for miscalculations in the dark, he was sure that it was a great deal deeper than it had been when he had last seen it. There could be little doubt that the digging had been continued after the raid, to give the impression that the gold had been dug up.

He had deliberately taken a circuitous route and now came to the tomb. It was a simple enough affair with a stone border to the grave and a cross at the head.

The letters R U R S U S ran the length of the horizontal arm of the cross. It needed no close examination to see that they had been tampered with.

But he soon became aware that they had not been chipped away—or rather that the chipping was neither the beginning nor the end of the process. Part of the second "R" and nearly the whole of the second "U" had receded from the face of the stone. He took out a pen-knife and scratched. The body of the letter came easily away—but the letter itself was outlined in the stone.

He scratched a little more and his knife went deeper. Then he changed his tactics and went to the back and began to scratch in what he judged to be the same relative position.

In five minutes he had picked out the clear outline of the second "U."

"By Jove! He didn't scratch it away at all! He filled it in!" he exclaimed aloud.

That was the first inference that was soon corrected by another.

"Originally Rursus was cut clean through the stone. Some time, somebody filled in the crevices—Callater hollowed them out again and then made a poor job of once more filling up the crevices. Now, of all the tomfool ways for a harassed, financial crook to pass his time, this takes the biscuit."

He had a growing sense of discovery. But he came to a blank wall when he asked himself: "How could these monkey tricks assist in the burying of gold bars?"

His attention wandered to the tomb itself and Hangman's Hill.

"The original Hangman must have been a queer cuss. There's sure to be something about him in the Brighton museum."

There was nothing about him in the Brighton museum that Ronald and the curator could discover, but the latter told him of a small local museum in the village of Hanher, to which he decided to repair.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Beret From Paris

By Sally Elliott Allen

(Continued from Page 14)

Slowly she rose. "Yes, Jim, I'm all right. What—what are we going to do?" She could see his face, now, with its deep-cut lines and his eyes holding her. She wanted his arms about her, but she didn't dare yet, for either of them. The pain of his hand on her foot helped.

"Well, we'll leave for the States as soon as I can make it. I want to see Merriam. He's the best friend I have, and his wife's a lovely woman. She was very good to Celeste in Shanghai. And I'll see doctors over there. I haven't much faith in these gentlemen with pointed beards, somehow." He was smiling at her.

She drew her cape about her, shivering a little. "Well, I'm glad I have my new cape for the boat, Jim."

"That's my good girl. I've kept up a good life insurance, Tad. That's the reason why we've been so poor sometimes. I've managed to have sense enough for that, though I'm so stupid about business. You'll have enough to take care of you pretty well. And I must go to the States and see that you have friends. We've traveled to fast; we've never needed them somehow."

"No; we've never needed them. Well—well, it won't take me long to pack up. I've had so much practice."

"You're a good soldier, Tad."

There was a little silence. Then, slowly, "Jim, does it worry you—dying?"

"Not a whit for myself, lassie. You see, I tried once, when Celeste went, and that's the hardest kind, when part of you has to go on living. But for you——"

"Oh, I'm all right, Jim. You don't need to worry about me. But you ought to be getting to sleep now. And I'm tired, too. It was such a good bat, Jim." She climbed down stiffly and came to pat his rough cheek. "Good-night. I'll turn off the lights." He could hear the springs of her bed creak as she crawled in.

For an hour there was no sound but his own restless turning, then he heard the creak of her springs again, and in the dimness he could see her small, dark figure by his bed.

"Jim," she whispered, "could I just be a little girl tonight? I'll promise not to cry."

His arms opened to her and she crawled into them and lay silent, pressed against him. After a long time, he felt the slight figure relax, but he lay with his eyes open until the light showed him the fat, pink cupids on the high ceiling.

CHAPTER II.

Death.

BUT in the sunlight of another day, they were both sure that Dr. Cardieu was mistaken. Jim kept his plan to go to America, but he thought he might finish the Loire job first, and Tad, proud in her new cape and cap, went gaily to the flower market and bought three hot-house roses to put on his desk in the mess of papers.

"I talked them down four sous, Jim."

"It's a bad product you are, with a thrifty French mother and a Scotch granny, I'm thinking."

But as the colder days began to come, he knew that he was not so strong and the waxing pain grew more frequent. So one night he laid two steamer tickets on her plate and watched the flush of excitement come into her cheeks.

"Oh, Jim, how I do love an ocean voyage!" Then she added quickly, "It isn't because you're worse?"

"It's just that I'm in a rush to hear that American doctor tell me I'll last another fifty-odd years."

"Right you are. Heavens, Jim, I wish it were the Pacific because that ocean takes so much longer to cross."

It turned out that there was an American surgeon on the boat, Peter Lathrop by name, and after a day or two Jim sought him out. He was a pleasant, quiet chap with kind, steady eyes, and the two men liked each other at once. But the verdict was not encouraging and he did not tell Tad he had talked with the doctor.

"Of course, it will taken an exploratory operation to be absolutely sure about all this, Mr. Clancy. If you'll stop off in New York, it wouldn't take more than a fortnight, I should think."

The doctor kept a kind hand on the big, gaunt Irishman's shoulder, for there was a look in Jim's eyes it was hard to see.

"It's not for myself. It's my girl. There's no one for her but me, nor has been since she was a wee one. It's none too kind a world to leave her alone in. She has only some relatives, rather distant, in France, but she's never seen them even."

"She's a charming child and she crawled into them and lay silent, pressed against him. After a long time, he felt the slight figure relax, but he lay with his eyes open until the light showed him the fat, pink cupids on the high ceiling.

"I like that Dr. Something-or-Other," said Tad to her father at dinner. "He's invited me to come up to dance tonight. Why don't you ask him about your pain, Jim? He doesn't make eyes or snicker, and his hands look as if they could do things with the things highly of the Chinese. He must have sense."

"Perhaps I will consult him when we get to New York, lassie. I'm bunking early tonight. You go up and dance, if you think you can do this syncopated slithering about, now."

"I can dance anything that you'll let me watch for 15 minutes." Tad jiggled about in her chair to the beat of the orchestra and a young man at the opposite table smiled at her.

She looked him over coolly and slowly, beginning at his patent-leather feet, and his ears were red before she reached them. Then she sighed, helping herself to more cheese.

"It's a responsibility to be a young lady. But it's rather fun, too." She twinkled at Jim. "Three young men asked me to play shuffle board with them while you were absent from the post of duty this morning."

"Did you?" asked Jim rather helplessly.

"Didn't I! And beat them so hard they all hate me."

She looked him over coolly and slowly, beginning at his patent-leather feet, and his ears were red before she reached them. Then she sighed, helping herself to more cheese.

She had a wonderful time that evening, dressed in a quaint little frock made over from one of her mother's that had been of the vintage that never wears out. She floated from arm to arm, half unconscious whose dancing feet she was following, whether it was the doctor's staid steps, or the jazziest variation of the young man whose ears had grown red at dinner, but who forgave her when he saw her dance. Afterward, on deck behind the big ventilator, she tried to discuss with him the distance of the constellations, but discovered he only wanted to kiss her too embracingly. She promptly threw his swanky new shuffle-board with them and went to say good-night to the doctor, who was looking for her. The gray hair on his temples made her confidential.

"I wouldn't specially mind their kissing me and things if that would get it out of their systems so they could talk sense. But it only seeems to make them sillier. I have enjoyed the dancing, though, but I wish they'd vary it with the fandango or the Russian polka or an Indian war dance or something. It's rather monotonous to do the same dance all the time, don't you think? There are so many interesting kinds. Good-night, and thank you such a lot."

"Good-night, you refreshing little thing," he said, smiling down at her curls, all ruffled by the wind, and keeping her hand a minute.

She put her head on one side and drew together her delicate, black brows that were so absurdly like her father's bushy ones. "I suppose you think that being taller, older, and a man, gives you a right to be condescending, but it's not awfully tactful," she remarked, and vanished down the companionway leaving him more piqued than compassionate.

He tramped with them again the next day and talked to Jim with what he thought some brilliance and a nice reserve about certain phases of modern psychology, but presently Tad turned chuckling to her father.

"I suppose it's a father fixation I've got then! Oh, la, la, Jim, have I got to trek with a Scotch-Irishman that looks like you all my days? And I'd always hoped to settle on a nice fat Hollander or something who'd never go further than Antwerp or maybe Brussels."

He scored, though, when, as they stood by the rail, he quoted some bits of poetry about "that bluer blue" and "greener green."

"Now, I like you better for that, Dr. Lathrop. Why is it that men don't like poetry much, or know enough about it even to dislike it? They must feel frightfully neuter if they're so afraid of not being thought masculine, don't you think?"

He looked over the ship's library after tea, but found only the "Idyls of the King."

Tad wished he would not always join them on their afternoon walks, but she put up with him because her father seemed pleased, and really grew to like him very much before the trip was over.

"He's lots more interesting than the young ones," she said in answer to a question from Jim Clancy, "because he doesn't want to talk all the time about himself, or else my beaux yeux. Did you know that I have 'colleen eyes,' Jim? I rather liked that the first time I heard it, but I must say it gets wearisome."

"You are just what Peter would like to talk about, though, Tad darlin'," said Jim gravely. The pain had been bad all the evening and he was weary and bitterly anxious. "He has told me, lassie, that he is deep in love with you but that you seem 'untouched'—so untouched, he doesn't want to bother you with it."

"'Untouched'—oh, my Heaven! Now, Jim, don't look like that. I learned that from you. But why shouldn't I be 'untouched'? I've only known the man for a week and he's old enough to——"

"He's only thirty-eight, Tad."

"Well, that's——" She stopped, looking into her father's face. Yes, he was growing thinner. His eyes had dark hollows under them. She flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Jim, I'll marry all the men on the rotten ship if it will make you any happier!"

He held her close, not answering. But she was very gentle with Peter Lathrop the next day or two and he took to whistling unmelodiously while he tied his tie. On the deck after dinner the last evening, they stood silent for a long time, side by side against the rail, she, wrapped very close in her long cape. Presently she slipped a small hand along the rail and touched his, which caught at it instantly.

"Look here," she said. "You're a very nice man and you have a good head and I like you a lot. I don't love you. I'm — 'untouched.'" She made a little face in the dark, and he flushed at his own word. "But I'd lie and steal and kill to make Jim feel better and if you're willing to take the chance of my liking you less instead of more, I'm willing to be engaged. Sort of on trial, you see. And really for Jim's sake," she added with careful honesty.

He drew the small hand within his arm and held it close against his side. "All right, little Tad. I'm bound, but you aren't. And you shall do as you like about the kissing."

"Oh, you are a dear. But I want to play square."

She shut her eyes and put up her mouth and he kissed it softly and they went down to tell poor, wracked Jim Clancy. A look of great peace came into his face as he gripped the other man's hand and looked into his kind, straight eyes; then he drew Tad toward him, but she fenced him away, laughing.

"Now, Peter, he's going to hold my pulse and catechize me about the exact state of my affections for you. I know the beast. Jim, how many grams did your love for Celeste weigh the night you got engaged?"

"Celeste!" said Jim, and his hold on Tad's hands loosened.

She pushed him gently down on the berth and tucked in the covers. "Sweet dreams, darlin'. Peter and I are going up on deck again. I think there's a moon." There wasn't, but they walked the decks a long time while Tad talked about her father.

A telegram to Washington upon their landing brought the word that the Merriams were in Santa Barbara. Jim had written to Marseilles, too, before they had left Paris and he had tardy word in New York that Tad's only aunt had recently died. He seemed obsessed now with the idea of putting his girl in a woman's care. He insisted upon their taking the first train West, and Peter Lathrop would not do other than go on to California with them. There was no need for any further examination of Jim's condition. The disease had put its mark upon him at last and the great bones of his face grew clearer each day. He had to have more and more morphine, and Peter Lathrop marveled at the girl's steady endurance as she sat by her father hour by hour, holding his hand in hers.

Now and then Jim would rouse himself and smile at her. "Steady, Tad darlin'," he would whisper, and she would smile back brightly.

"Steady it is, Jim."

One day, when he was feeling better, they talked about her mother. "You remember what she used to say, Tad, when things got pretty black?"

"Don't I, though! 'La vie, c'est comme ca, Jeem.'"

They smiled at each other then, but Peter Lathrop had to go out on the back platform and blow his nose noisily.

He helped them settle in a room in the hotel they had always stayed in when in San Francisco, and then went to telegraph a mother who was distracted at his erratic behavior in giving her only a half hour of his time after half a year in Europe, and a partner decidedly angry since his own vacation was in danger of being postponed. Tad helped Jim get to bed and sat singing to him softly. He loved her singing and together they had picked up songs that had pleased them, from all over the world. Tonight, though, she just sang a little French cradle song, over and over.

He seemed asleep at last, but when she rose to steal away, he called her back. "Put the medicine out. I can get it if I need it, lassie, so I shan't have to disturb you. I'm making you such a lot of trouble, 'an unconscionable time being dying,' Jeem.' I would let us both off easy if I took too much of the stuff by accident."

"What silly things you do say," was all she said, kissing him again. But afterward she remembered his words.

For in the morning the rooms were so quiet that she overslept and when Peter came he found a white, tearless Tad standing by while the house doctor examined Jim Clancy's lifeless body. It was plainly an over-dose of morphine, and Tad would have nothing but the truth from them.

"A very easy mistake in the dark," Peter added, but Tad shook her head, and stood looking down at the carven face.

"I think he did it for me," she said, very quiet. "He was always doing things for me."

She kept that steady quietness all through the stupid "necessary arrangements" (an "unnatural calm" the large, emotional lady in the next room called it) and Peter stayed by her and did everything he could, sending and receiving difficult telegrams from New York in the intervals. The evening after the little service at the crematorium—"Jim would have thought what that man said was awfully silly, Peter," Tad had remarked as they came away from it—he came back to the hotel and found Tad putting their few belongings back into the suitcases.

"Tad dear, did you realize that I have to go straight back to New York? I haven't wanted to bother you about it, but my partner's going to miss his sailing if I don't. And there are some big cases coming on."

"Why, of course, Peter, you must go straight away. You didn't really need to stay at all."

"But I wouldn't have left you, dear, for anything. Now you can come back with me and we can be married quietly whenever you are willing. Or wouldn't it be better just to be married here before we leave? I'm sure it could be arranged."

Tad crossed the room and sat down by the table, leaning her elbows on it and her chin on her hands. "Peter," she said gravely after a moment, "I sort of hate to tell you. You've been so awfully sweet to Jim and me. And you came way out here for us and everything. But I'm not going to marry you, Peter. I've been thinking about it this afternoon and it wouldn't be any use to anyone at all. Jim wanted me to, of course, but it was sick Jim that did and the real Jim down under the sick one wouldn't want me to, now. Because I don't want to at all. It's not your fault. It's not anybody's fault, I guess. But it's so, and it just can't be helped." She smiled at him, but the smile was grave, too.

"But ——" stammered Peter Lathrop, "but ——" Then he walked over to the window and looked out for a long time. "But who's to take care of you, Tad?" he asked finally.

"Oh, I'll take care of myself all right, Peter. I have taken care of myself a lot anyhow, you see. And Jim, too. You don't need to worry. I'll be all right."

"You're so little," said Peter, his voice catching unexpectedly.

"I'm not as little as I look." Tad ran her fingers through her curls and stood up from the table. "Now you'd better go, Peter. I'm pretty tired tonight."

Peter came back toward her. "About the insurance." Jim had told him about the $20,000 policy he had carried all through the lean years. "Shall I see the agent for you?"

Tad's eyes met his. "The agent came here this afternoon and I gave him the policy."

"Are you going to stay here in San Francisco, Tad?"

"Yes, I think I will," said Tad. "I'll find a room somewhere. We always liked San Francisco. Maybe I'll go see the Merriams if they haven't gone back East. Good-by, Peter. And thank you."

She did indeed look very little as she stood there, holding out her firm, small hand, and Peter took her in his arms and held her close.

"You're sure, Tad? You can't——?"

The curly head beneath his chin moved in the negative, and he let her go and went out without looking back. After he had gone, Tad went to the bureau and got out her father's purse and hers from the drawer, and emptied them onto the table. There were two ten dollar bills, one five, two silver dollars and seventy-five cents in change. She regarded them, then she went and looked out the window. Far down the block, she could see Peter Lathrop's retreating back.

A little French shrug twisted her shoulders. "Well, Jim," she said, but her laugh was not quite steady. "La vie, c'est comme ca."

She had not told Peter Lathrop that the house doctor had recorded Jim's death as suicide and that the insurance agent had pointed out to her that the old style policy was thus, according to its terms, rendered null and void.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Broccoli, the Popular Vegetable, Is Now at Its Best

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SOLEONE has said that broccoli is "cauliflower with a college education!" There is certainly a marked resemblance between these closely related members of the cabbage family. In cauliflower, the much prized white head is made so artificially. This is done by pulling up the leaves of the maturing plants and tying at the top to make a shelter over the head which is thus whitened or blanched and made more delicious for eating.

In broccoli, on the other hand, the similar head composed of many small flowerets is not blanched, but is allowed by the gardener to mature in a natural way. This makes the broccoli vegetable greenish or purplish green, with a head less compact than cauliflower. Its flavor may be described as a blend of asparagus, Brussels sprouts, spinach and artichokes, to all of which vegetables it bears both taste and cooking comparison.

However, broccoli is not spinach, popular impression to the contrary, since it does not bear anything like the amount of food iron. But as a new, or rather an old-world vegetable which has come into great recent popularity, the housewife should included it frequently on her shopping list because this is the season when broccoli is at its best!

There is a story that not so many years ago the chef of a famous hostelry in New York was desperately seeking something new for his menus with which to tempt the appetites of his wealthy clientele. People seemed tired of elaborate dishes and vegetables smothered in white sauce. Suddenly he recalled a humble vegetable of his boyhood days in Italy—broccoli—easily grown in any truck garden, with a delicate deliciousness and easily combined in any meal.

He persuaded some growers supplying his hotel to import seeds and try them in America. Like the proverbial beans of the Jack-and-the-beanstalk fairy tale, the broccoli seeds used in the new land and almost overnight there was introduced a vegetable sensation. Today we see thousands of acres in Texas, Long Island, and elsewhere devoted exclusively to growing broccoli for city markets.

Broccoli consists of a large bunch of stalks surrounding a loose head of green flowerets. Generally several stalks are tied together in a loose bundle, and the vegetable sold either by the bundle or bunch, or sometimes by the pound.

Although all the green leaves are edible, those on the lower part of the stalk are tough and should be removed, but the tiny leaves near the head are tender and may be allowed to remain and be cooked with the complete stem and head. The finished service of stem and head is generally laid lengthwise on platter or plate, much in the manner of asparagus.

Being a green vegetable, everything that holds true of the cooking of spinach is equally true of broccoli. It must be dropped into rapidly boiling salted water, cooked uncovered and never overcooked or cooked too long. Since it has many of the volatile oils so distinguishing a trait of the cabbage family, it must be cooked without a lid in order to allow these oils to escape. If they do not, they will fall back on the vegetable and make it taste coarse. Similarly, if it is not cooked rapidly, the green color will disappear and change to an unpalatable dingy brown, which is soon unappetizing and which again causes a coarser flavor. It should be cooked 15 or 20 minutes in an uncovered kettle.

The ideal method is to steam the broccoli in the top of any usual vegetable steamer, or if this is not available to cook in very little water after the familiar waterless cooking method.

Delicious as is its natural flavor, broccoli may be enhanced and enriched by a sauce of the hot mayonnaise type. The most perfect example of this is Hollandaise sauce so liked by the French for serving with their stalks of asparagus. This provides the butter which makes the eating of all green vegetables so luxurious, and in the solid and more convenient into which to each stalk as it is eaten.

Hollandaise sauce is not difficult to prepare but needs constant watching. It must always be made in a double boiler to prevent scorching or curdling of the eggs used in its composition. Here is both recipe and method:

½ cup butter, 2 egg yolks, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon salt, few grains cayenne or paprika. Divide butter into 3 pieces. Place 1 piece in top of double boiler with lemon juice and egg yolks. Stir constantly, cook slowly about 3 minutes until mixture begins to thicken. Add second piece of butter and beat, cooking slowly for about 20 minutes. Remove from fire, season and add third piece of butter. The mixture should stand alone; serve immediately. Pass separately or serve poured over the tips of the hot broccoli. Variations of this sauce are: (1) use ½ cup cream and add after removing from the fire (2) add 2 tablespoons cooking sherry just before serving; (3) blend ½ cup of Hollandaise sauce with ½ cup medium white sauce, which makes it less rich and expensive.

In every case the cooking water should be well salted to bring out the flavor, and butter used to enrich it. Plain melted butter may be poured over the vegetables instead of sauce.

Although its form does not adapt itself quite so readily as asparagus to many entree dishes, still the housewife may adapt many choice asparagus recipes to broccoli. Some of these are made with melted cheese which combines deliciously with all cooked, green, leafy vegetables and which at once brings up the food value and makes the dish into a complete meal. A cheese sauce made separately may be poured over just before serving. Or the broccoli may be laid on toast, smothered in a cheese sauce, and placed under the grill to brown. This is a very tempting but hearty dish at small cost.

Broccoli-under-the-blazer: hot cooked broccoli, ½ cup buttered crumbs, ½ cup sharp grated cheese, and poached eggs; lay broccoli on baking dish, sprinkle with crumbs and cheese; brown under broiler flame 3 minutes, cover with poached eggs; serve instantly.

In its cold cooked form broccoli lends a new taste and a different pleasing texture to many salads. For this use it should be boiled and chilled, separated into small flowerets. Either French dressing or mayonnaise or their countless variations may be used on such salads. Minced gherkins, minced pimiento, a few drops of onion juice, will all provide novel variations in flavor. One good combination is cooked string beans, cooked broccoli and raw tomato cut in slivers moistened with a horseradish mayonnaise.

Like cauliflower, broccoli may be used in many dishes of the scalloped or au gratin type. Here it should be covered with a well made smooth cream sauce, sprinkled with buttered crumbs and browned in the oven. The flowerets may be separated and made into vegetable fritters by dipping each section into a well salted and seasoned batter, then fried in deep fat.

Broccoli Boulangere: use standard bread loaf, cut off top, hollow out center to leave a shell; have broccoli cooked, hot, and cut in convenient sections; have 4 to 6 eggs scrambled; have 1 to 2 cups hot white sauce; dip hollow loaf quickly in hot water; fill with broccoli, cover with scrambled eggs and pour over sauce. Serve very hot. Slice loaf at table and pass grated cheese.

Broccoli ham tidbits: cold cooked broccoli, cold ham diced or in thin strips; moisten with mustard mayonnaise and serve in lettuce shell. Use same mixture, heap on toast or crackers, and grill in oven.

Broccoli Parmesan: 2 bunches broccoli, cooked and coarsely chopped; saute in butter, season with salt and pepper, and blend with 1 tablespoon flour and 1 cup milk. Add 3 hard boiled eggs, diced fine. Pack mixture into well greased custard cups or ramekins, liberally sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese, and dust with cracker crumbs. Bake moderate oven.

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MOTORISTS WISE — SIMONIZ

King Zog's Kingdom

(Continued from Double Page)

and in her pique she turned to a dark-haired man at a near-by table.

That man was King Zog, over incognito for a visit, probably on a scouting tour for new talent. Madame Saveno found him amusing at the table, thrilling on the veranda and enjoyably sentimental on the balcony of her room later in the evening. It is said she managed to forget her fickle husband pretty quickly when Zog whispered in her ear, and, leaving Nicholas alone with the dancers, she stole with Zog to his car and drove quickly through the park to her apartment uptown. Perhaps this was only to stir her husband's jealousy.

It is not unnatural, in a city where women are either loved or suspected, that Madame Saveno and the Albanian King were followed. Full details of their indiscreet meeting were in King Carol's hands long before morning. While Madame Saveno was eating a dainty breakfast Carol was gossiping to Queen Marie and Nicholas about it.

Carol maintained that Nicholas' wife—and only a morganatic one at that—had deserted him for the King of a handkerchief kingdom and was therefore unworthy of further consideration. He proposed, forgetting how he had once renounced all for Lupescu, that Nicholas should refuse to see his wife again—that he should send her without delay out of the country.

Nicholas was still too much in love to do that, and high words and a few blows followed in the gilded halls of the Rumanian palace, as the newspapers reported. Nicholas socked Carol on the royal nose and would not even lend a cold key when Queen Marie tried to stop the blue blood flowing. Some hours later he and his bride checked out of the country and hurried to Paris.

Since that time King Zog has waited. He feels sure Prince Nicholas, like Carol before him, will sooner or later find royal ties too strong and that he will leave his love to return to Bucharest. For that reason no weekly telegram of love and faithfulness is said to have reached Madame Saveno from Albania ever since she reached Paris.

Well, Nicholas has not yet returned to Rumania, and thus Madame Saveno is not free of return to waiting Zog's arms.

And so the atmosphere is not so gay in the palace at Tirana. Zog, wifeless, loverless, lonely, wanders disconsolately through the corridors and curses every time his sister's dance band lover starts his boys all crooning to help along the love scenes.

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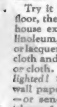

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For the Last Hot Days

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Economy Chicken Salad.

MIX 1 or 1½ cups diced cold chicken with ½ cup minced heart celery, 2 cups diced cold boiled potatoes and ½ cup minced stuffed olives. Season to taste with salt and paprika and moisten with cooked or mayonnaise dressing. Arrange on crisp lettuce or watercress.

Corn and Beans in Ramekins.

PRESS 4 or 5 large ripe tomatoes through fruit press and mix with 1 quart sliced okra, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon minced celery, and a few grains paprika and simmer gently 15 minutes. Add 1 cup fresh Lima beans and simmer about 15 minutes. Add 1 or 2 cups grated young corn, 2 tablespoons butter and 1 tablespoon sugar. Cook gently until corn is tender. Turn into small ramekins, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and garnish with crisp bacon.

Mock Mayonnaise Dressing.

BEAT 3 eggs until light. Add the juice of 1 lemon and beat well. Season with a few grains pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook over hot water until creamy, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add 2 tablespoons butter. Let cool.

Banana Bran Muffins.

SOAK ½ cup bran in ½ cup sour milk. Cream 1 tablespoon butter with 3 tablespoons sugar. Add 1 egg and beat well. Mix and sift ¾ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and beat into the creamed mixture alternately with the soaked bran. Fold in ½ cup finely chopped bananas. Pour into tiny buttered muffin pans and bake in moderately hot oven about ¾ hour.

Mint Cream.

MIX 1 cup thick cream, 1 cup milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 or 3 drops oil of peppermint and vegetable color paste to give desired green color. Freeze as usual.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Soft Cooked Eggs, Bread Crumb Pancakes, Coffee.	Apple Sauce, Sauted Sliced Scrapple, Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Apricots with Prunes, Broiled Bacon, Buns, Coffee.	Figs, Scrambled Eggs with Chipped Beef, Golden Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit Juice, Fish Hash, French Rolls, Coffee.	Fruits, Oatmeal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Broiled Honeycomb Tripe, Baked Potatoes, Fruit Cup, Iced Tea.	Emergency Patties (Left-Overs), Spaghetti, Spinach with Hard-Cooked Eggs, Caramel Cup Cakes, Iced Punch.	Creamed Tuna Fish in Potato Shells, Baked Apple Dumpling with Jelly Sauce, Iced Coffee.	Waldorf Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Iced Cocoa.	Corn and Bean Ramekins, Steamed Potatoes, Jellied Fruit with Cream, Iced Tea.	Vegetable Soup or Baked Macaroni, Dutch Cheese Cake, Iced Tea.	Planked Veal Loaf, Potato Balls, Boiled Onions, Mushrooms, Green Bouquet Salad, Favorite Dressing, Peach Sherbet, White Cake.
Dinner	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner (Cold)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*	*Supper*
Tomato Juice Cocktail, Fricassee of Veal, Rice Timbales, Baked Carrots, fruit Pie.	Roast Lamb, Potatoes, Currant Jelly, Cabbage Salad, Ice Cream with Mint Sauce.	Parisian Lamb Salad, Tomato Sandwiches, Tower of Babel Dessert.	Fruit Cocktail, Smothered Beef Balls, Riced Potatoes or Noodles, Buttered Cabbage, Mystery Bread Pudding with Cream.	Steamed Fish with Creole Sauce, Riced Potatoes, Green Vegetable, Lemon Sponge.	Fruit Cup, American Chop Suey, Steamed Rice, Cafe au Lait with French Pastries.	Toasted Sandwiches, Fruit, Chocolate Frappe.

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A BECOMING MORNING FROCK FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7660). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 4½ yards of 35-inch material if made with the yoke portions. Without the yoke, 4 yards will be required.

A STYLISH MODEL (7654). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as in the large view will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves and without bolero it will require 4 yards. The bolero alone will require ⅝ yard.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7672). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 with short sleeves will require 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material. With long sleeves, 1⅞ yards. Contrasting material requires ¼ yard.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (7668). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2⅝ yards of 35-inch material if made as in the large view. If made without bolero and with short sleeves, 1¾ yards will be required. The bolero alone will require ⅝ yard.

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A POPULAR SKIRT STYLE (7676). Straight lines, a modified flare and a short yoke are features of this model. It is suggested for development in flannel, linen, pique, as well as crepe satin and woolens. Designed in 6 sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure. Size 34 will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material and 1 yard of belting. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 1¾ yards.

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